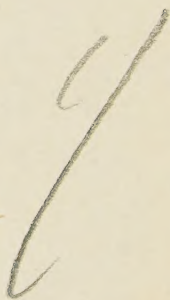


“YEL”



47M



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YELVERSTONE







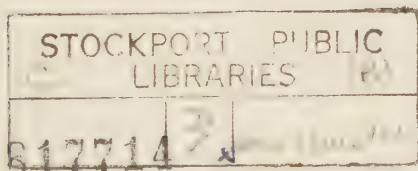


"YEL."

From a Pastel by Mrs. G. Shaw Baker.

# “YEL”

## THE MEMORIES OF A HAPPY DOG



LONDON

G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

1923

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## PREFACE BY THE EDITOR

This little book is an attempt to give from the dog-world point-of-view the life and adventures of YEL, a dog who has spent most of his life on board various ships of H.M. Navy, and who has travelled some 50,000 miles afloat and ashore in many countries and made numerous friends wherever he has been.

So numerous are the friends of Yel, it has often been said that he has a personality of his own. Therefore, the editor, in deep gratitude to one who has been a loyal and affectionate comrade of his for several years, and has shared joys and sorrows to a degree that no one can understand who has never had a trusty, unselfish dumb friend, has preferred to write this story as though it came from Yel himself. He hopes that it may help his readers to realize that our dogs are not merely animals to be kept, chained to a kennel, to guard property, or to lend an air of so-called respectability and a finishing touch to some picturesque suburban villa, but are intelligent

and sensitive fellow beings, who have thoughts and feelings akin to our own, and who can give points to most of us in the great so-called "Christian virtues" of Faith and Love.

Handing the pen, as it were, over to his trusted friend, the Editor will now leave you, dear reader, and Yel together. Should you conclude that he and many of his race naturally possess that which we too often strive in vain to attain, the Editor's efforts will indeed be richly rewarded.

*ENTER YEL*



## INTRODUCTION

The following poem by Lord Byron is my introduction to the pleasure I have given myself to write these memoirs.

Should the lines of this poem be of no interest to you, then, my dear reader, spare yourself from going any further—for there is nothing in these pages of the slightest interest to you, as they portray the plain life of a plain dog.

If, on the other hand, my introduction does appeal to you, then you will read some of the things the other reader should know, and some of the things he does not want to know.

### EPITAPH ON A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,  
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,  
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,  
And storied urns record who rest below :  
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,  
Not what he was, but what he should have been :  
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.  
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,  
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth :  
While man, vain insect ! hopes to be forgiven,  
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.  
Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,  
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn :  
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise ;  
I never knew but one—and here he lies.

LORD BYRON

The object of this little work is (1) to mark a small appreciation of the very many kindnesses I received from my shipmates during The War. (2) to mark the very kind support of the general public who readily responded to my dumb appeals for various charities and for those who could not help themselves.

My other object is to try to strengthen the existing bonds twixt you and many of my less fortunate dumb friends, for I am sorry to admit that some of you are apt to forget that we four-footed creatures are sent into the world by the hand of the same Great Architect who made you.

We are sent to you as man's unselfish friends, that you may learn from our fidelity.

Our relation to our master is exactly what yours ought to be to your God.

If, therefore, my little efforts meet your approbation, then, as one who will pass out of this world, and may not pass this way again, I shall indeed be grateful for the happy time I have spent amidst a dog-loving people, and I consign these pages, with everlasting and happy memories, to SHIPMATES-O'-MINE.

“YEL.”

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H. M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA's Rose Day, 1923. (p. 118)  
[Photo. Central Press.]



# YELVERSTONE

## *EARLY DAYS IN DEVON*

LIKE all other good dogs, I have a nickname, and it is by the name of Yel that I am known everywhere.

When I joined the Navy, I was barely six weeks old, and, as it could not be expected that I should be long ashore, I was taken out daily to learn how to follow my master in some of the lanes near where I was born, and close to where my master's ship then was. It was during one of our cross-country runs over the moors that I noticed something fall from my master's pocket, and I picked it up, and came on behind. His other companion, looking round and seeing me carrying my master's glove, exclaimed, "Look! he's a wonderful little chap to start retrieving at his age, and if he was a puppy of mine I'd take mighty good care to encourage him."

Master thanked his officer friend for the hint, and said that it brought to his mind what the gentleman said who was responsible for bringing me into the world, when he handed me over as a gift, "There you are, sir, there's a dog you'll never be ashamed of, and, if at any time my words don't come true, then send him back to me." If any dog has tried harder than I have to live up to those unsolicited words ever since then, I swear I'll never wag a tail again.

*PADDLING IN A SWIFT TIDE*

One of the country outings I had in those early days, was a trip in the ferry across the Hamoaze and then on foot to Whitesand Bay. The gangway was put out on our arrival for passengers to land, but I preferred to jump ashore. Like most puppies, I made a mess of it, and found myself paddling in a swift tide between the boat and the jetty. Fortunately for me, the boat was only small, and she was kept away from the quay quite easily until I had been dragged out, looking, as Master would say, like nothing on earth.

After shaking myself as dry as I could, and with nose to the ground of the path under the trees, I was espied by a gamekeeper, who asked

me what *I* was doing there. As the pathway appeared to be a public one, and I did not feel guilty of having done anything wrong, I had nothing to say, except to offer the usual sign of friendship by a wag of my tail.

“No dogs allowed on this ’ere estate,” I heard him say to Master, and all in one breath directed the way back to the ferry, but Master evidently knew what he meant, for instead of going back he went on with a cheery “Good-day.”

Further on, we got on a path through some golf links, a game I knew nothing about in those days, so I think I might be excused for picking up a nice clean white ball that I found, but I was told I must not do that and it was taken away and given to one of the gentlemen playing. After we had walked for many miles, I must have looked tired, for I was carried during the rest of the journey to the station. I am afraid I was a little ungrateful for that act of kindness, for while Master was looking out of the carriage window I played with the buttons on his oilskin coat until there were no more left to play with.

#### BETWEEN YELVERTON AND PLYMOUTH

Young as I was I was always delighted to go on board a train, and was more than pleased to

have two journeys a day between Yelverton (where I was born) and Plymouth. One day I was very sad when I was told to remain behind until Master came back, as he had some things to attend to where little puppies like me would only be in the way.

I watched him through an open window as he left the house, and when he got round the corner of the field towards the station, I leaped through the window, and kept him in view, taking care, for fear I should be seen, until I saw him get into the train.

So far, so good, and I sneaked into the last open carriage and crept under the seat. The train stopped at several stations, but I just lay doggo. On arrival at the right station, I got out with the rest of the passengers and, full of glee, found Master, but the only answer I got to the cheery welcome I gave him was a click, and I was a prisoner at the end of a lead. I was led to the Officers' Mess, R.N. Barracks, without a word from my master, and was fastened up in a spare cabin all alone. "This is a nice mess," I thought to myself. In the afternoon, just after eight bells (four p.m.), I found myself being taken back to Yelverton, still on the lead, and of course still very full of grief, for I was not spoken to until I got into the house, where I had been told

to remain behind. I remembered my folly, and with the misery of those long hours of silence, I took very good care never to do a thing like that again.

Like most dogs I have committed little faults but, unlike my less fortunate dog friends, I am never beaten. What effect a beating would have on me I don't know, but I do know that a sharp word, and no attention paid to me for a little while for any wrong done, is quite enough for me to remember.

#### *EARLY GOOD-BYES*

Those happy days in the county of my birth were short-lived, for a message came to say that Master had to join a ship in the same tropical region where he had spent the first period of The War, and he would take me with him, to chance our risks together. All the afternoon there was a packing up of all sorts of things, all strange to me, but I did notice that in one of the hand-bags there was a small parcel of Spratt's biscuits that I had got to know very well.

"Come on, Yel," I heard Master say when the packing was over, and after I had wagged my tail to everyone down stairs to say "Good-bye," we started off together.

*VISIT TO LONDON*

We ran down in the same train as the one I had travelled in a few days before, but instead of being stowed away under the seat, I sat alongside Master.

We caught what they call "The Sleeper" at Millbay Station, and found how nice and comfortable the carriages were. While I was just settling down, at the foot of the bed, a man came along and wanted me to travel in the guard's van. Then came the popping of a cork, and a clinking of glasses and the next moment I heard, "Good-night, sir." "Good-night to you," was the answer, and away we went on our journey, and arrived in London, where I was led on a chain to Some Street Station. On the platform were crowds of people, and I came in for lots of notice from one and another. Many of them I did not know. One lady picked me up, and showered kisses all over my head. That little pleasure was soon ended by the guard calling out, "Take your seats, please." Bang, bang, bang went the carriage doors, a shrill whistle and the wave of a green flag marked the last journey in England for some time.



*MY FIRST VOYAGE AT SEA*

No sooner had we got well down the great Highway of London, and the passengers began to find their places, than I was sought out by the ship's butcher, who kindly offered to take me under his charge ; but it was thought that I might get a fresh meat diet, which is not good for youngsters like me, so I was billeted on the boat deck, properly kennelled, where I was visited many times a day by the bo'sun and his crowd, who used to take a great delight in what they call a sailor's water carnival (washing down decks). My delight was to bite at the little jets of water that used to squirt from the washdeck hose, but I soon found that salt water was not nice.

The captain of the ship was the next to pay me a visit, and he never forgot to throw me a bit of his breakfast toast on the way to his cabin. My popularity soon grew, and I was noticed by scores of passengers, who in their turn took me down on the promenade and other decks to find Master.

It was during those days I was photographed for the first time. The rule about dogs in the passenger part of the ship was one day removed

by the captain bringing me down into the saloon during lunch, and for the rest of the voyage I was what might be called "Some dog."

*IN SOUTH AFRICA*

On our arrival ashore again, I had to wish good-bye to all the kind friends I had made on board, and had to go to the Vet, who did not hesitate to pass me as fit, and we took train to embark again on board H.M.S.———at Simons town.

We had had a bit of bad weather aboard the liner, but the first night aboard my new "commission" was one not easily forgotten. At daylight, I was discovered half buried under pots, pans, rifles, and haversacks, with one water-bottle, which had unkindly fastened itself round my neck. One, or more, haversacks, more kindly than anything else, helped me to keep my feet from getting wet from the seas that broke over the decks.

*SNOWBALL. HE WAS AS KIND AS HE WAS BLACK*

After many days, we reached Port Victoria, Cameroons. There was a splash, and a rattle of cable; we came to anchor. Boats were lowered,



YEL'S FIRST PHOTOGRAPH.



PUPPY DAYS ON BOARD SHIP.



and communication with the shore was soon started, and I was one of the first to land. But, much to my sorrow, I did find a difference.

It was now that Snowball (Master's black servant) came into my life; he was just as kind as he was black. Had it not been for him, I dare not think what might have happened to me on several occasions.

One of his daily duties was to free my coat from ticks, and other horrible crawling things that live in great numbers in tropical climates. At the end of this duty Snowball with comb and dandy brush would make a parting from the crown of my head to the tip of my tail, a custom often seen amongst themselves on their woolly heads, particularly on Sundays. These small creatures got at the tips of my ears until they were red raw. The moisture of the bare flesh attracted the bloodthirsty flies, and my ears got worse and worse, until Snowball one day said to Master "Dat dog, sah, him gottem what dem goats an 'orses go dead from, I go 'shore, sah, and catch em some—some doctor med'cin for, what you call em, same as I got sah, all black," and he held out one of his ears for inspection.

With the return of the next boat, Snowball came staggering aboard under a load of fresh-cut

green stuff, enough to make a bed for a horse, and threw it down under the shade of a double awning. While I was playing with my black shipmate, who was on his knees picking out some of the thick green leaves,\* he gently put some of the cool juice from one of the broken leaves to my ears, which soon lessened the pain for the time, but it came on again and again. Undaunted, Snowball continued the treatment until they were cured, a thin coating of Stockholm tar was afterwards resorted to as a preventative.

*CANNIBALS' DESIGNS ON MY LEGS*

At times the natives ashore would have liked my body and lanky legs as dainty morsels to eat. They would run their black paws slyly over my loins until one of them was heard to say "Dat dog, 'im make very good chop." Chop is a native word for anything eatable. Snowball, who always kept one eye on me, asleep or awake, quickly stopped the friendship I was quietly receiving, and shouted, "Eigh, you black fellers dere, dat dog, he no lib," (no lib being the native word that expresses denial). "He no lib for chop, he be white man dog, if a cannibal feller

\* Crowned thorn.—Editor.



want a chop, you go to bush, and catch dem wild cat, savie ? ”

The meaning of Snowball's remark was not clear until one day some time after, Master and I and Snowball were somewhere in the bush, where there were a few huts here and there under the trees. Snowball, who knew everybody, and was often found gossiping, had hurried on ahead and I followed, until we stopped at one of these houses.

It was a horrid sight to see Snowball's friend and some children sit round the fire, watching something that looked like a skinned rabbit, as it dangled by its hind legs over the fire, and at the same time to see the “ Father ” dragging at a half skinned cat which he was holding by means of a piece of wood between his toes. Master, who had by this time come on the scene, asked Snowball what it all meant.

“ Dat feller, sah, 'im be one of dem black fellers who catch-em dem wild cat, sah, he be cannibal man, sah, all de time eat dem wild beast chop. No, no, sah, me no like cat no more. My sister, now big gel, sah, she am go to bush and eat plenty dem wild cat with black feller all same dis one,” he said, pointing to his friend.

When the turn of my part of the ship's company came to go ashore to live both night and

day, I was very glad ; I watched Snowball pack in master's gear, together with my biscuits, and comb and dandy brushes.

By this time the parting down my back was becoming more perfect every day and as Snowball would say " All de same as me. Eh, Yel ? "

We were off ; Master sat in the stern of the boat of course, while I preferred to sit alongside Snowball, who was tucked away for'ard, with his woolly head just peeping up above the gunwale of the bows of the boat. As the boat drew alongside the landing place, Snowball, knowing that I would make a leap before the officers had landed, placed his arm gently round my neck, and gave me a real " Snowball " kiss, his thick lips nearly smothering me. I looked at him fondly, and he said " Yel, you am veragood dog, I lika you all de time, we am go to Bua, and all the time when us come back, eh ? "

#### *A TRIP UP THE CAMEROON MOUNTAIN*

Up the slimy steps of the little landing place I made myself busy by carrying one of the small parcels of luggage, keeping one eye on Snowball, whose black legs I could just see under a load of stuff packed on his woolly head, and the other

eye on master who was coming up astern. While the men and their traps were being stowed into the "express," I had a game with some land crabs, which were quite common about there, but I found that they were a bit too nimble for me, for they would be in at one hole and out of another, so I gave them up as a bad job.

"Eigh, eigh, eigh, stop, stop de train," I heard, as the thing was starting, and I was still in hopes of a stray crab coming my way. "Yel-le," cried Snowball, as he ran towards me. "De train am waiting, and dem black dam fellers over dere say you am with dem officer fellers." I was lifted aboard, Snowball called out to Master, who from another compartment was looking out of the carriage window to see if I was all right—the little engine gave a couple of squeaks from its baby whistle, and we were off. The train stopped a few times up the line to take water on board for the engine. As everyone got out, I of course had to get out too, and nose about to find if Master was there. "All right," he said to my greetings, and I was off back to my Snowball friend. "Now den, Yel-le, you no am go in dat bush der, savie? Dis am bad bush for dem tings what kill you and eat you for chop, eh?" Taking his advice, I kept to the cinder track of

the railroad, which was uncomfortably hot for my feet, yet a safer place.

After a few more stops, the little train snorted up a very steep incline, and we were at the terminus. A swell-looking carriage with silver trappings, which was waiting, was soon loaded up with the officers and their baggage, and a start was made for the rest of the journey. I was told to accompany Snowball on foot, behind. I was delighted with Snowball's company, who helped me, for the journey up that hilly road was a bit steep, and was glad when the coach stopped opposite to a pretty bungalow surrounded with rose trees and other flowers which reminded me of England.

An officer of the Army of Occupation, and his little fox terrier Pickings, were the first to meet us on our arrival.

#### *ATTACKED BY GERMAN POLICE DOGS*

While I was making friends with Pickings, I was rudely pounced on by another dog; he looked as if he could swallow me whole by his enormous size. Just in the nick of time, Snowball and Master and the military officer got him under control. While he was struggling to get at me, another of his kind came bounding along

the road to see what was going on, and I was faced with another attack. He was a savage brute, too, his eyes, his teeth, his awful language were enough to frighten the devil himself, let alone a little dog like me. But I was protected by my black friend who held me tightly in his arms.

These two hounds, Max and Carl, being German police dogs, had been left behind, and adopted by the British troops. Max had killed a few natives in his time.

A run through the kitchen gardens of lettuce, onions, cabbages, and tomatoes, such as I had seen in Devonshire, was a great delight to me, especially when I got to know the soldier on duty at the cream and butter dairy, who would always have a basin full of milk ready for me, when I poked my nose over the half-door of his cooling room.

There, on the green fields, I would delight to circle round a small herd of milch cows who were busily grazing on the coarse yet fresh looking grass. Romping over the roads where rose bushes were in full bloom, we would pass by the great building of the ex-German Governor, the grounds of which, kept up by negro labour, would do justice to any homestead in England. Close to this place I saw the heavy iron barred

door of the kennels where Max and Carl were kept under control, and on seeing me again they looked very fierce, but I took no notice of their unfriendly ways.

*I SAVE A DOG'S LIFE*

One morning, Master and one or two of his friends started off for a morning ride, and Pickings and I ran along with them. Suddenly we missed her and, with Snowball at one end of my lead, and me at the other, my nose to the ground, I led him down and down the steep slope from where we had come until I brought him to a thick clump of shrubs. I listened, and turning into the hedge I could hear the poor little creature crying most pitifully and I led the way ; there in a hollow we found her, hanging by her collar on the branch of a bushy tree overhanging a hole ; Snowball wriggled his body through the scrub, rescued her, and brought her away in his arms.

Many other little adventures were experienced, and right in the middle of this cool and bracing climate there was a hurried packing up of traps, and the remaining rations of my biscuits thrown into the coach ; a journey on a trolley down the



mountain, over the railway track and into the boat which was in waiting for us, and back to the ship brought my pleasant holiday to an end, for no sooner did we get back aboard the ship, than the anchor was weighed and we put to sea. Guns were run out and decks cleared for action, and all I could do was to nurse my poor paw which I had got jammed between the boat and the ship's side. Next morning the great guns boomed out.

When a dog is gun-shy he is much to be pitied ; the sound of those guns were awful to me, and to this day I hate the sight of any firearms. Even two pieces of steel clicking together makes me tremble like a leaf. When we returned I had to remain aboard until my crushed paw got quite well, and had to amuse myself with the ship's cat (Victoria). I found, however, that during my convalescence I was not nearly so nimble as pussy, and the first thing I knew I over-stepped the mark from the hammock nettings and fell overboard. It was quite dark, and I couldn't get up that tall ship's sides, so I kept on paddling, but really thought my time had come, when all at once there was silence, and then a cry " Man overboard." The next moment a glare of light fell on me and into my eyes. " It's Yel," cried a dozen voices ; one of my dear shipmates slipped



down a rope's end, and I was once more landed into safety. The two seamen who saved me from this narrow escape were rewarded with two bottles of BASS, a very rare treat in those parts.

Another packing up, more biscuits thrown in by Snowball, and we were off up country, where, goodness only knew. After a day or two under the broiling hot sun, my dear and faithful Snowball made me a plaited spine pad out of some long grass ; it just covered the top of my head and my neck, and was very nice and cooling.

#### *AN ENCOUNTER WITH SNAKES*

Our journey up country was very slow, my job was to scout, which I could do better than the rest, with my long legs and good scent. I would plunge into the bush, first on one side of the party and then on the other, taking care to return every now and then to see if my shipmates were there. Without fear of coming to any harm, I kept up my scouting until I came to a patch of coarse grass close to a very thick tuft of half rotten plants. I dashed into the grass, which was cool after the hot sun, but alas, I stopped dead, for there was something uncanny in front of me ; I looked again and, feeling faint

and sick, I staggered into the open, and with what strength I had left, I stood up on my hind legs in front of my master, and fell over on my back like a log.

They told me afterwards that I was picked up and carried to a shaded cool stream, in which I was held, with my nose and mouth just above water, by Snowball, until I came to life again. I was soon well enough to use my legs and rejoin the party ; during this time some of them had been to look at the place where I fainted, and found two deadly snakes.

Snowball and the natives that evening busied themselves skinning the two snakes, and when he brought them to Master to "look see," as Snowball would say, and I caught sight of them again, I turned sick as I had done before and would have run for my life away from them. For many days afterwards I was shaky on the legs, and would shy at the movement of a falling leaf ; as my strength returned I continued my scouting, but with a good deal more caution. Up to this time my ears hung like V's, but as a result of this unpleasant experience one of them to this day has always been a bit groggy.

*ANOTHER ENCOUNTER WITH BLACK ANTS*

My next adventure was with a long trail of black ants which I disturbed ; in a moment they were up my legs and on the naked part of my stomach, where they unmercifully fastened their claws into my skin ; to make things worse they got their hold on me in between the pads of my feet, and in agony of pain I rolled over and over to try and rid myself of them. But for Snowball I don't know what would have happened ; with the risk of getting a share of them on himself, he whirled me along on horseback, to the cool stream, which was now some miles behind, and he plunged into the water with me in his arms, and after a paddle about together, we were both once more freed from our unwelcome little guests. As there were one or two ant trails over the path we had come, Snowball took me into the saddle and we soon got back to our party. I took good care not to do anything so silly as that again.

*A LEOPARD HUNT*

On our return from up-country we were invited to a " palm oil chop " lunch by the Military District Officer. While our host and his friends

sat at table, one of the officer's servants rushed into the room, and very frightened, called out, "Sah, sah, sssah, quick, sah," with a finger pressed on his cheek, he said, "with dis eye I see one big leopard, just over der, sah, where dem goats have der chop chop, sah." In a minute the party were out of the house, with firearms, and with me in the front. I soon picked up the scent from the sloping ground which led to a small covert, with the armed party following, I heard a snarl and a growl and I pointed and waited until they were close behind. Nothing could yet be seen, so I advanced a few steps slowly and cautiously and, just as I was about to enter the thicket, the beast, with a snort and a terrific howl, sprang straight towards me.

While it was in the air with its mouth wide open, I heard a bang, bang, bang, and it fell dead to the ground with a thud, close to my feet. She, like ourselves, had been disturbed at her lunch, for we discovered that she had been in the middle of eating one of the Major's goats. Snowball and I dragged the remains of the wretched goat out into the open, while Master and his friends returned to the house, to finish their "chop." Snowball and I returned too, and having got over my trembles at gun fire, Snowball placed a second helping of lunch on my plate, and

while he did so, got down on all fours, and with his nose nearly as close to the plate as mine, he said, " Yel-le, you am very good, a white man dog, you am plenty, savie ? one plate of chop for plenty, savie ? and dis plate for dat goat over der. I catch em dat goat to-night, and I take it away to some black fellers der who live in bush and im eat it for very good chop, eh, Yel-le ? "

A few days later while I was having my games with Victoria (ship's cat) I heard a boat bump alongside, and like all ship dogs, I was soon on the gangway to learn who was coming aboard. Snowball was one of them ; he came up the ladder three steps at a time, his black eyes shining brightly, " Allo, Yel," he said, as he rushed past me, dragging a basket along. I was soon at his heels, curious to know what was in it, and what his excitement was about, for the more I sniffed at that basket, the more curious I was to know what he had brought aboard.

Pushing me gently to one side, he opened the basket before the captain, who was on the quarter deck, and with one eye on him and the other on me he said, " You savie, sah ? policeman (meaning political) officer, kill dat big leopard, sah, yesterday eventide ? well, dem black fellers on shore der go in bush yesterday late eventide and him catch dis small piccaninnies of the big

leopard him kill, sah, and him say, ' Suppose you like, he dash you ' ' ' (native word for give). Snowball, placing the basket on the deck, lifted two dear little leopard cubs in both hands, and after kissing them tenderly, placed them in the captain's arms. They were very young, and had to be brought up on a bottle from the " sick bay," and as soon as they could get about were full of play.

#### *THE TWO LEOPARD CUBS*

Now that I had something quite new to play with about the decks, poor puss was deserted. I felt sorry that they had lost their mother, and wanted to do what I could to fill her place, and they didn't object to share my kennel (a salt pork barrel) with me, funnily enough they took to it as if they had been in their own home. Every night we used to huddle up together, and must have looked one family.

#### *GLARING EYES LOOK AT ME*

But the happy times together came to an end in a few weeks. We all went to bed one night as usual, and during the middle watch, I woke



up and found one of them striking out at me with all fours, and if its claws had not been carefully cut, I should have come off rather badly. She got up, and with a nasty glare in her eyes, growled and spat at me in a most rude manner. I got up too, and went outside and shook myself.

While I stood, wondering what to do, the quarter-master of the watch on the deck below, hearing the noise, came up to see if we were all right, "What's up with you, Yel, can't sleep for the heat, eh?" He shone his light into the kennel, and put in his hand at the same time, but pulled it out quicker than it went in, dragging with it one of the leopards, who had fastened his teeth on the back of his hand. After that night our friendship had to develop with a sheet of wire netting between us. The cubs had been given some fresh meat, and once having tasted it, I suppose wanted more.

#### *NATIVE DOGS*

It was not unusual to meet a native dog now and again ashore. They would always try to join in my sport, prompted probably more by curiosity than anything else, but they were too



thin and weak to keep up the pursuit, and one by one would give it up.\*

Others, on seeing me, would down tail and run as if for their lives, why, I could never understand—for no dog could be more peaceful than I am.

Never in harbour for long, our ship put to sea again. We went to Fernando Po, an island somewhere off the African coast.

Some people could live there, if they liked, but it was no place for an Englishman's dog.

Many sly glances were made at me, as I scampered along the route line, by some of the islanders. Indeed, now and then a woolly head would turn round to have a second look, but with Snowball, whose tongue must have been recognised as one from the mainland and who spoke with some authority, I felt quite safe.

After many of these putting out to sea stunts, the familiar splash and rattle of cable told me we were once more back at our base on the African coast.

Snowball, I noticed, was again packing in Master's cabin, but this time I observed that he was taking more care than usual, and, as I

\* Ed. Note.—The editor's experience tells him that there is no country in the world in which dogs are better treated than in the lands of English-speaking people.

watched him, I saw him carefully put aside the remainder of my biscuits, to the very last, and, after strapping the various packages together, gave me a gentle pat and the next moment was gone.

#### *FAREWELL TO SNOWBALL*

The following morning, everyone was astir a little earlier than usual, as another of H.M. ships had joined us in the night, on her way to England. After breakfast a boatload of our sick seamen were sent over to her, with many exchanges of good-byes as they went down the gangway.

I knew what it meant when I heard "good-bye, Yel," from one and then another of my ship-mates. I knew why Snowball had given me such a parting down the back that morning as I had never had before. It was a sad moment to think I was to part for the last time from my dear Snowball, who, after shaking hands with Master, at the top of the gangway, fell before me on his knees. He placed his thin black arms tightly round my neck, and I tried, by wagging my tail till my whole body wriggled from side to side, to thank my faithful friend for the many, many kindnesses I had received from him during our chummy days.

When he held me still tighter, I looked up at him, and a stream of hot tears from those kindly eyes fell over my face; with a corner of his clean, white loin-cloth he wiped me dry, as he had done many times before. I felt his thick warm lips as they pressed the top of my head, and with the tears still flowing down that honest face I knew so well, I heard him say, "Goo-od-bye my dear Yel-le, good-bye white man great dog, I like you all der way to England, and I like you all der way back to where dem black fellers live," and the next moment he was gone from my life.

As I lay on the quarter deck, later in the day, looking over the stern walk of our ship towards the land now far astern, and disappearing below the horizon, I saw something like a woolly-headed negro, his arms were out stretched and tears were running down his black face, his lips moved and they seem to say, "Good-bye, Yel, good-bye, white man great dog, I lub you." Had I have been gifted with the power of speech I should have called back, "Good-bye, Snowball, you are a negro, but you are a white man. Good-bye, Snowball."\*

\* Ed. Note.—The Editor has portrayed the character of Snowball as he knew him, and in grateful remembrance of his faithful services. Uneducated though he was, many so-called Christians may learn something from his lowly, yet noble nature.

*A CHIMPANZEE APPEARS ON THE SCENE*

One morning Master brought me my ration of Spratt's on a plate, and put it down outside my kennel within range of my chain. Just as I was about to begin the scanty allowance, a big chimpanzee, which had broken adrift, one of the ship's pets, appeared on the scene. Never having seen anything like him before, I took no notice, but before I had time to start my meal, I was calmly pushed aside by this strange looking beast, who helped himself to the lot, and then went off. Oh! thinks I to myself, if that is how I am going to be treated, I shall have to be on my guard another time. It was a long wait to the next meal, and I remember feeling very hungry.

When another ration was brought up, Mr. Chimpanzee, still loose, was there again. I eyed him suspiciously, and as he was about to do it on me again, I strongly objected. He first showed his teeth, and made his face more ugly than ever, but I stood my ground; he then threw his whole weight at me and with outstretched arms tried to seize me with his white row of teeth. I knew nothing about fighting but, easily dodging his onslaught and waiting for his next attack, I seized him firmly at the back of one of his



GOOD-BYE SNOWBALL

" You are a negro, but you are a white man." (p. 27)



ears. With such a mouthful I had him under control.

He hugged me in his strong arms, and just as he was about to throw me over with his hind legs, I wriggled myself free, and shook him with all my strength. He tightened his grip on me, but I shook him so hard that his head began to yield to the shaking, and seeing that he had had enough, I cautiously let him go. As soon as he found he was free, he made off to another part of the ship, and for the rest of the time I was on board my "Chimp" friend took good care to give me a wide berth. I finished my meal in comfort, and was no worse save for being short of a few handfuls of my coat. "Pip," one of the ship's pets, a small rough-haired puppy, was the cause of the trouble, as he would let the Chimp help himself off his plate without making any resistance.

There were many other strange looking animals aboard that ship, but we arrived at Sierra Leone before I had time to get to know them.

However, Mr. Chimp and I parted good friends, as we passed each other on the gangway, on our way ashore to get another ship to take us the rest of our journey back to England.

The weather was still hot, and there was very little water about, so I used to stand under public



taps in the streets of Freetown, and wait for some kind-hearted negro to turn on the water over my back. This way of keeping cool amused many of the passers-by, especially the children, who followed me from tap to tap, until they themselves took off their loin cloths, and joined in with me under the shower of beautiful cool water.

### *BACK IN ENGLAND*

The great steamer soon brought us safely back to England, and I felt very happy, and to show my pleasure I rolled over and over on the snowy ground, for it was winter when we landed. My joy, however, did not last long; the Customs Officers, on seeing me land from a ship had an awful fright, "Whose dog is that?" said an officer. "He can't be landed." "Ought to be in a crate," said one. "With iron bars," said another. By some mistake, I had been left out of the Customs Form, signed by the master of the ship, and I was promptly sent into quarantine, where I was to stay for four months. This was the first time in my life that Master and I had been parted and I was very unhappy. I was visited every day by the keeper and by Master who always brought a small parcel of

something good for me to eat. While he was there he would take me for walks round the other kennels. When it was time for him to go I would refuse to return to my kennel and had to be lifted in.

One morning, however, when he came I could see that he was very pleased about something. With the little parcel he had brought for me, he had a letter, it was an authority for my release.

Both the vet. and the kennel master said "good-bye" to me, but I was too busy to answer as I jumped my way through the drive into the open street, and ran off carrying Master's stick with me, a Whanghee cane, which Master had bought for me to replace the one I had lost somewhere in Africa.

#### ON LEAVE

We went straight to the station, and then to Yelverton. I was soon romping about over the moors and fields, and better still, met many of my old friends, who were as pleased to see me as if I had been one of themselves. I had learned lots of little tricks during my absence, and was very pleased to show them what the sailors had taught me while I had been out in Africa.

The day after my release I went to a meet. The hounds were there, but I was not allowed anywhere near the pack. I longed to join in their sport, but Master said, "No." However, we followed the hounds, and before we had got very far along the banks of the streams they got the scent of an otter and away they went, first on one side of the river and then on the other. At last the little terriers, who had been following on leads, had to be brought into use, as the otter had got into some place where the big dogs could not get at him. "There it goes," cried one old sportsman, pointing the direction with a long pole, and sure enough the otter was there with the dogs close on him. Could they reach him in time? One hound and then another made a lunge at the poor little beast, and just as it was about to take to the water again, it was killed.

A sweet young lady who had known me from birth, and had often sent her love to me when I was thousands of miles away, and called me "her son," came up and smeared my brown face, making it quite red from the moisture on one of the pads of the poor dead otter, which she held in her gloved hand.

My foreign service leave was now at an end.

*DAYS IN IRELAND*

On arriving at Queenstown, we joined a ship at Haulbowline, on which Master was now the commanding officer.

One day the weather was very bad when we put to sea, and as it grew worse we were obliged to take shelter at the little fishing village of Kinsale. Here, on one of the country roads, a strange looking car came floundering along. Master called out to tell me to get out of the danger, and while I was looking round at him, the wheel ran over my front paw. Another time, I had to repulse two or three hot-headed Irish terriers or else be thought a coward, for I was no longer a puppy and had to keep up the reputation of my breed.

We were now in a dangerous sea, and on the look-out for submarines, and I always knew before anyone when we were getting near one.\*

\* Ed. Note.—It is common knowledge that dogs have a very keen sense of hearing, but to what extent no one knows.

It is known, however, that the vibration of reciprocating engines such as were fitted to submarines, were distinctly distinguishable, even at great distances, from the pulse of an ordinary marine engine common to surface craft. The dog's early experience of these unusual vibrations were invariably followed by heavy gun fire, which like all gun shy dogs he dreaded. As no action was taken, or in other words no firing of guns when ordinary shipping was in the vicinity, it is concluded that the dog knew the difference between the two sounds and dreaded a repetition of his former unpleasant experience.

The first lieutenant, who was a friend of mine, saw this and said one day, " So long as Yel is quiet, I know we are safe."

*A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE LEADS TO TROUBLES*

I was one day watching the hoisting on board of a piece of wreckage which was considered dangerous to shipping ; a working party was detailed to saw and chop it into pieces suitable for cabin fires. " Can't I do something ? " said I to myself, as I sat and watched them hard at work. " Here you are," said the first lieutenant, who seemed to have read my thoughts. He had his arms full of logs, and gave me one of them. I took it along the deck, and placed it where he had laid his load, alongside the ward-room fire. Feeling quite pleased with myself, I spent the remainder of the day carrying off the lumps of wood as they were sawn into lengths. This teaching led to some purpose which I am afraid did not add to my good character.

Some little time afterwards, one of the officers heard the ship's carpenter and one of the engine room staff having a very heated argument, over a piece of wood which had been taken from the carpenter's bench. The officer, thinking it

might lead to further trouble, produced a nicely planed piece of wood, which he had found half in and half out of my kennel, and asked if that was anything like the missing piece. I tried to look very innocent about it, and "chippie chap" being a bit curious, gave it back to me, and together with the officer, watched what I did with it. When I was seen to take it back to where I had left it, a search was made, and the kennel was turned out. They then knew my secret; sailors' palms, knives, wood chisels, a complete set of small bits wrapped in green cloth, and numerous pennies, all of which had created no end of disturbance amongst the men!

#### *HARD TIMES*

At times, life was indeed a bit trying, as the enemy were very active. No sooner did we poke our noses into harbour—only for coal and something to eat and drink—than we were sent to sea again, where we had to remain until our consumable stores had been used up.

One day, however, after being at sea in very bad weather for many dreary days and nights, a wireless message was received to say that we were to return to harbour forthwith, at utmost



speed. Master and the first lieutenant were the first to rejoice. I joined in when I was told we would soon be ashore again. My tail, which had not done much wagging for days—except just gentle ones now and then to my ship-mates, who would always have a word or two to say when they saw me—was up on end. Shaking myself free from the salt water that had for days saturated me to the skin, and was now drying my coat into masses of brine, I was glad to hear the ship's telegraph ringing out the orders to stop engines.

I waited for hours after we had arrived, but, instead of going ashore as I had expected, to have a fresh-water dip, we started off again, heading out to sea. Master said we had to go over to England on a special job, and told me to try and stick it for a few days longer, as we should soon be back again.

The weather was foggy and cold, and it was blowing hard as our little ship headed for the open sea. The wind and sea increased that night, and the fog came down as thick as pea soup. As we plunged through it at full speed, the little vessel shook and trembled as the seas broke heavily over our bows.

It was an awful night, and, for fear that I should get washed overboard, I was picked up



from the corner of the fore-bridge, and carried below, as wet and as cold as a deck swab.

"This is no use to me," I thought to myself as the officer of the watch placed me in a safe place below and closed the door on me. "I'll just lie down here on this mat, though it isn't very dry, and wait." Just then the ship gave a lurch, carrying me and the wet mat across the alleyway to the opposite bulkhead, and another heavy roll slid both me and the mat back again. Then the door was opened and in a moment I was up the ladder and alongside my master, where, despite the weather, I was much happier than being flung about on a door-mat alone.

"You're here again, are you?" said the first lieutenant, as he stooped down and fastened one of the weather cloth stops round my neck to make quite sure of me. I wagged my tail, and did not heed the water running from his so'wester over my back, for I knew full well what he was doing was prompted by his love and kindness.

#### *DOGGED BY SUBMARINES*

What we did and where we went on that special job was all a mystery to me. That we were near where submarine craft were active

there is little doubt. I was never what you might call real comfortable during the whole of that trip, and in the end, when we did get back to port, I was too ill to go ashore. The long watches in wet and cold and lack of exercise and the fear of those guns going off were, I suppose, the reasons of my not being well. However, thanks to the many kindnesses I received from one and all, I was soon well, and once ashore again, quite forgot those few dreary days.

#### *I LEAVE THE IRISH BASE*

Our little ship having been battered about by the recent bad weather had to be put into dockyard hands for extensive repairs. While they were in progress, and in the middle of a series of morning and evening country walks to make up for my recent hardships, a message was received which would mean another change of ship. "Never mind," said I to Master, "wherever we go I don't think it can be much worse than this." "Let's hope not," he said, as he rolled up my bedding and placed it along with the remainder of our luggage. With a nice parting down my back, originated by Snowball, and kept up by one bluejacket more kindly than the rest,

we caught the night boat and, after a bit of a nasty crossing, boarded the train which would take us to Portsmouth, the base of our new ship. A few hours after our arrival we were on board of our new home, and far out to sea. Our duty was to run over to France, and assist to protect the shiploads of human freight and stores on their way to The Front.

I heard many dogs bark on board of those ships as we would sometimes pass close under their stern. I did not return their barks, but I was naturally a little curious, and while I was standing on hind legs looking over the rail to get a glimpse of them Master told me that they were probably going to share their luck with their soldier-masters, and be put to use, as well as being a companion, should necessity arise.

The monotony of this sort of life was broken by "Joey", a poor little dog we had picked up with the survivors of a ship which had been sunk by the enemy. Restricted from landing with his shipmates without going into quarantine, Joey was adopted by our ship's company.

He was a quaint little chap, and just full of fun. One day I tried to get him to follow me up one of the ladders leading to the deck above, where there was more room to play, but the poor little fellow found it too steep for him, and he

fell down. I tried to persuade him again and again, by showing him the way, but it was no use. Joey had had enough ; I therefore got him gently by the back of the neck, and carried him up : Joey didn't bargain for me to leave him up there when I had finished playing with him, and in his attempt to get down alone he toppled head over heels from top to bottom.

Nothing would induce Joey to go on the deck above again, not even in the worst of weather. A trip or two after that, during a westerly gale, Joey was lifted off his feet by a sea that swept us from stem to stern, and when the ship had recovered herself poor little Joey was nowhere to be seen, and was never seen again. " Good-bye, Joey."

*MY GOOD MEMORY LEADS ME TO DO WRONG  
IN PICCADILLY*

Soon after this we got a few days' leave and went up to London. Now that I was grown up, I was not led by the chain, so I had to have my wits about me in the busy thoroughfares, especially when crossing the roads.

One morning while we were taking a stroll (I believe it was in Piccadilly) I gently took a stick out of the hand of an officer in khaki, and

brought it to Master. I was scolded for my rude behaviour, but was readily forgiven when it was explained to the "soldierman" that a Whanghee cane very like this one had been used to exercise me out in The Cameroons. I always had to retrieve it, until one day it had been thrown into some long elephant grass and was never found. Naturally I was very sorry, but what would you have done? I ask you.

*I SEE STARS*

Our leave being only a short one, we returned to Portsmouth. The streets were very dark on arrival, and, as I was crossing the road just behind Master, bang went something, and I saw stars. "Now what's the matter?" said Master, as I freed myself from a boy who was lying athwart of his push-bike, which he had been riding without any light, or without giving me any warning. He was less hurt than I was, but I think he deserved the fall he got for his carelessness.

*"FRIENDSHIP" FOR GOLD*

Another little incident in my life is always fresh in my memory. My memory, like most of my race, is well—we seldom forget! I was taking a country walk with my master and another sailor friend, and we called at a country inn. Master's friend espied a fine rough-haired terrier and, liking his appearance, he asked the landlord how much he would sell him for. A bargain was struck, and with collar and lead, Rags (for that was his name) after many kisses from master and mistress alike was led away. They had sold their little friend for two yellow coins. Little did they know the sorrow in the heart of that poor dog, as he was led away, and looked round for a brief moment at his home for the last time.

Rags did, however, wag his tail when a little child ran out of the house, and throwing both arms round her little dumb friend's neck cried, "Mam, Mam, don't let Rags go away."

*SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND*

These were hard times for me, for I was forever hearing the vibration of some unseen object. Hardly a trip was made without the loss of at



least one of the ships we were safeguarding. I was very happy when we could go ashore sometimes, and especially when we could go for long walks. At one of the places where we stayed, the host was a farmer. He had hundreds of sheep, and I would delight to go out with him and his lovely sheep dogs, York and Nigger. I might know a good deal about ships, and jumping in and out of boats and that sort of thing, but what York and Nigger didn't know about *their* job, was not worth knowing ; it was just amazing to see them move the sheep about, to the orders of their master, in accordance with signals made by the wave of a stick, or by the notes he made through his teeth, like a whistle.

The farmer counted his stock while we were there. It was indeed wonderful to watch those two dogs sail round the field, in opposite directions, until they had collected the whole of the flock. One scapegoat broke away from the rest, took to his heels, and made for one of the other fields. After running through an open gate he was soon out of sight. A couple of shrill whistles, and York, leaving Nigger in charge of the flock, was soon after the runaway.

The farmer had heard of Airedales being used for sheep work, and I was invited to take part. I knew nothing of his signals, but I was eager to



join in the work, so away I went, and took up a position on the opposite side to Nigger. When I saw any of the sheep make an attempt to break away from the mass all huddled up together, I was soon on their track.

Presently York came tearing back with the ram well ahead, and I was recalled to the side of Master, who was standing with the farmer.

The signal went up when all was ready, and with the dogs obeying every command, the sheep came slowly down the hillside until they were quite close to us, where a barricade with an opening had been erected. Another signal, and the dogs had them in single "line ahead," and in that formation, one after the other they would pass through the opening. As each one passed, the farmer beat the air with his stick, counting aloud, and if two or more sheep tried to pass through together, Master York, who was very clever, checked them, until the line was reformed and every sheep counted.

At other times, we would climb to the summits of the beautiful hills; I enjoyed dashing over the heather to find nests of eggs, which were very common. When I startled a bird, I made at once for the place where it had left the ground, and somewhere near I would pick up the scent which led to a nest, I would then attract





I TOOK MY PLACE IN THE BOAT.

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Master's attention, but he always left the nests untouched.

*ON BOARD A STRANGE SHIP*

I remember one occasion, just before putting to sea, Master had to go aboard the parent ship. I took my accustomed place in the boat, for I was quite nimble from the experience I had had from puppyhood in leaping in and out of boats.

When we got alongside H.M.S. "Brilliant," it was impossible to get near the gangway, because of the many boats and drifters which hang round these big ships.

Master jumped aboard one drifter, and over another, and was soon on the gangway of the "Brilliant." Following, I managed to get over one of the drifters, but just as I was going to make the next big jump, which would land me safely on the gangway—I found the space was too wide and was growing. The drifter was under weigh, and had "shoved off" on her trip up the harbour, so there I was on board a strange vessel, and my ship was due to sail! I looked over the squat rail, and as we passed under the stern of my ship everything was ready for sea, except one boat that would in the ordinary way have taken me aboard with Master.

I did not know whatever to do next ; I went aft, and looked into the face of the old skipper who was at the helm (he was very busy with his own work, but I still looked at him). I gave a little bark. “ ‘Ullo,” he said, as he caught sight of me with his kindly eyes, “ an’ whose dorg can you be, eigh ? ” I wagged my tail, and implored him to take me back aboard my own ship, but he did not heed my distress. “ Let go,” I heard him call out to his mate, and as the little vessel swung head to wind with her anchor on the bottom, I was filled with the despair that is only known to a dog. My ship, by this time, had probably sailed. As we looked like settling down here for the night, I thought I had better make the best of things, and drop my anchor too, by making up to old Sandy, the skipper.

The ladder which led down to the cabin where the old salt and his mate lived was a bit steep.

I watched them both go below and followed behind, taking the ladder quite easily.

Sandy, who had noticed my easy descent, said to his mate, “ That dog ’as leeved aboard some ship yer ken, Mac.”

Mac leant forward from his locker seat and said, “ Let’s hae a look at the collar you’re wearin’,” and reading the inscription on the

nameplate, said, "H.M.S.———Ach ! I ken ye noo, I've seen you afore."

I was too much upset to pay much attention, except look up at first one and then the other, indeed I refused to take the food they kindly offered me.

In a dingy corner of the cabin, which reeked with tobacco smoke, I settled down for the night, or, I should rather say, waited to see what the morning would bring forth ; for I could not sleep. I tried to get on deck during the night, but found the hatch above had been closed. Meanwhile, my master had missed me when he was about to return to his ship, and, fearing I might be enticed aboard some strange merchant ship bound for a foreign port, a general signal was sent out to all the ships in the harbour, "that an Airedale was missing, and when found, should be returned to the Senior Naval Officer of the port."

At daybreak, the next morning, the anchor was weighed, and we made towards the shore. I was watching in great glee, over the bow, as the little boat was steered to an empty berth alongside the wharf, and, before she touched the quay, I made a leap. Finding myself landed once more, and right opposite to the open door of the S.N.O.'s office, I looked to see if there

was anyone there whom I knew, for I knew that Master often went there when we were ashore together. No sooner had I got my nose round the door, than I was greeted by the S.N.O. "Heigh!" he cried out, and before I could make my escape, the door was closed. "Wherever have you been to, you scamp, do you know that your ship has gone to sea? You can consider yourself under arrest as a deserter, and stay along with me until she returns."

About five o'clock that afternoon, when, feeling hungry, tired, and full of remorse, I was lying coiled up under the S.N.O.'s desk, to which I was secured with a piece of spun yarn, I heard the officer call out, "There she is." Looking through the window and down the harbour, he saw Master's ship coming through the gate at the entrance of the port. When my ship had come to anchor, a sailor came and led me away on the spun yarn, back to the ship, where all my friends gave me a hearty welcome, and I was very happy again.

*FOG BOUND, I GIVE THE WARNING, "LAND AHEAD"*

On the return of another of the many trips to Norway, we ran into a dense fog, and the nearer



we got to harbour, the more dense it became. Master was anxious to get back to port before darkness set in. I sniffed and whined, with fore-paws on the extreme bows of the ship, and whined and whined myself into a bark in response to some sound I heard. I listened and heard it again ; and just then the look-out man called out, " Land right ahead, sir." The fog had for a moment lifted, and what I had heard could now be plainly seen, a flock of sheep grazing on the hill side. A new course was shaped and the fog still lifting we found a billet for the night safely in harbour.

*BIRD NESTING AND A LAMB IN THE SHETLANDS*

It was during one of the dreadful gales that I was taken over to Scalloway, a small fishing village in the Shetland Islands, about seven miles from Lerwick.

During our stay there, we were kindly invited to take a trip in a rowing boat, to one of the neighbouring islands which forms a part of the harbour, in quest of eggs.

Accompanied by my friends, we were soon on the other side. When we stepped out of the boat, there was great confusion amongst the

numerous birds which were in residence. They circled above our heads, watching our progress as we climbed, from one boulder to another, towards the top of the island. I was in my glee, as I leapt over the gaping crevices that impeded our path.

Being more agile than even the youngest of our party, I had, of course, a few more narrow escapes.

In my efforts to span a wide gap, I would now and then find myself down in a deep cavern. One of these deep ravines, into which I had fallen, was rather difficult to get out of, owing to the wet and slimy nature of the rugged rocks. Finding a way out somehow, I rejoined my friends, who by this time were on the top, and were picking up eggs at almost every stop.

After I had watched what they were about, I scampered back over the rocks, retracing my steps, and returning every now and then with an egg in my mouth, which I gently placed down alongside the egg basket.

My companions being pleased with my efforts, I became quite excited, for the very next egg somehow got broke, and all I had to give them was the remains of the yoke, which was smeared about my mouth.

While the egg party were having a smoke and a "stand easy," I leapt from rock to rock, and made a search further afield, to another part of the island more rugged and full of pitfalls than the rest.

Running along a narrow ledge, with a steep wall of rock above my head, I made a discovery. I gave my usual signal of whining which now and then broke into a bark.

No one came to my assistance, so I barked louder and louder. After a long wait a voice from somewhere above my head called out "Where are you?" I answered with a loud bark. Just then I saw my Master's head, peering over the top of the cliff. "Now, what's the matter?" he said. I looked up at him, wagging my tail, and whined.

He was a long time before he arrived. I suppose he did not find the way easy; I was patient, as every now and then he would call out, which told me he was getting nearer. Stooping down over the place where I stood, he dragged out a freshly killed lamb, which I had found in one of the niches of the rock.\* We both had a good look into the hole where I had made my discovery,

\* Ed. Note.—How the lamb got there still remains a mystery, as no sign of animal life on the island had ever been known by the inhabitants.

without finding out any trace of how the poor creature had got there.

*A HORSE IN GREAT PAIN*

During one period of my experience in the Shetlands, there was a good spell of runs ashore, owing to some engine trouble, which could not be expected otherwise, as since we joined the ship many thousands of miles had been travelled to and from the coast of our enemy, always at utmost possible speed, in either fair or foul weather. Of the latter, the "clerk" never failed to provide us with a generous supply.

On one of our runs in the country, I was much upset by an object lying in the heather. As I approached I startled a lot of crows, and then ran for Master, who had got some distance ahead. When he saw me, I turned back, and shifted the crows a second time, barked loudly, and looked over the burns towards him. But he paid no heed, knowing how I used to attract his attention when I found hedgehogs. I ran back to him again, and, in my own way, begged him to come with me. At last he turned and followed me, and there, lying on the ground, was a poor horse who seemed to be suffering great pain.

I was left on guard to keep away the crows while Master hurried off for help ; within an hour that poor horse was put out of its misery.

The Provost Marshal came the next day to see me. We found he was the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Marines whom we had met before when we were on the way to Ireland. After this we became very good friends, and the next time we met him (he was then a Commandant at the R.M. Barracks in Chatham), I was admitted into the officers' quarters against the rules, and was treated like one of themselves.

It was a great trouble to me, when Master told me one day that he had to go to London on business, and that while he was away I should be under the care of the veterinary surgeon. After showing the Vet some of the little tricks I could do, I was led away. Master was not away for many days, and when he did come back, what a welcome I got, and what a welcome I gave him ! But they had been very kind to me and had taken me into the house instead of putting me in the kennels, with all those other strange dogs and cats I didn't know.

*FOOTBALL AFLOAT*

At about this time in my life, it was discovered by one of my shipmates that I was fond of a football.

The ward-room door being fairly wide, and having no step, was made our goal. I was goal-keeper, and everything else, so my side had a difficult game to play. My opponents were all "forwards" consisting sometimes of all the officers. I took up my position in goal, and the referee, with whistle in his mouth, would give the signal to start the game. A hot shot would be made for goal, I would head or "hand" the ball away with both paws, and if I succeeded in stopping the shot at goal, that was one point for me. A small piece of leather was tied to the lace, just big enough for me to catch hold of with my teeth. If I got hold of that, it was a sure score for me, as I could dodge through all my opponents, and land the ball beyond the chalk line at the other end of the ward room, midst shouts of applause from the players. There was no time limit, but the game was over when the opposite side would sit down on the nearest chairs very much out of breath, and very hot; and I was left to continue alone if I liked. Need





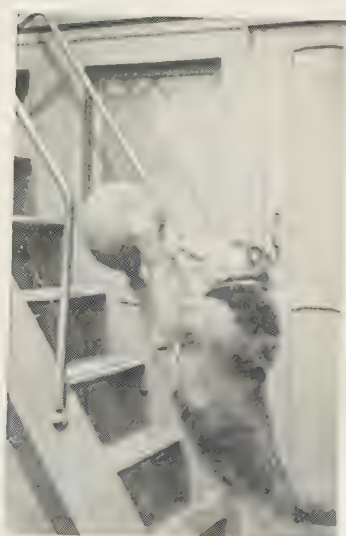
A hot shot



Foul ?



A free kick, G-r-r-r-r !!!



Saved !!!

FOOTBALL Afloat.





I tell you I nearly always won. Once, in the middle of a great match, the “backs” were very busy, and the “forwards” fought like tigers, while I was in the middle of it, running first to the right and then to the left. One of them made a hot shot for the “net”, and the ball struck me fairly on the head, while I was in mid-air, and brought me down on the deck in a heap. The “leather” then bounded through the open skylight above, and as I was not so stunned as they took me to be, when I found they were counting me out, I sprang to my feet and up the ladder after the ball. When I did find it, I tried to get it into my kennel, but to my dismay it was a little too fat to go in, so I was caught in the act; but I had had enough, and nothing could make me play any more that day.

### *A BLIZZARD AT SEA*

Editor's Note.—The following is recorded for the purpose of demonstrating the patience and endurance of a dog.

Most seamen know what a boiling pot the Pentland Firth is when it gets real angry.

Bound west, and about half way through this narrow channel, diving into a head sea, a black mass was seen on the weather offing and in a

moment we were shut out of any visible existence except sheets of driving snow and ice.

I was crouched in the driest corner of the fore bridge I could find, which had long since been slashed with spray thrown from the bows over the mast head, and the snow crept round the corners and fell on me in heavy flakes, which made my cheerless corner more cheerless than ever. I was surely the picture of abject misery.

Still the wind increased in violence. It whistled and slashed past us wickedly. I had to yield and give my wet corner up as a bad job, and in doing so found I was treading in snow up to my chest. Repeated attempts had been made to keep me below, but as on many previous occasions I found my way back on the bridge more soaked to the skin than ever.

My comfortless corner was now covered over like the rest of the deck, there was nothing left for me to do but stand.

The little ship laboured still more in the ever increasing tremendous seas, the tops of which every now and then swept us fore and aft.

For fear I should be swept overboard, I was lifted on the chart table, and, with a piece of rope bound loosely round different parts of my body, I found a little comfort.

In this position I got a comforting word, and a pat, now and again, as the officers leant over to study the chart underneath me. "There's the land, sir," I heard one of them say. "Taking off a bit, eh?" was the reply.

A position was then obtained. "Six miles from Loch ———," said the navigator as he marked the place on the chart in the region of my two frozen fore paws. "After all these hours of plugging into it," he continued, "we have drifted bodily astern."

"With a little head reaching, I think we can find a safe billet before dark," I heard Master say. "I jolly well hope so," thought I to myself.

In between the heavy seas they altered the course slightly, until a full view of the snow-clad mountains could be seen.

"One hour more," said the officer of the watch, with a smile, as he patted me on the back, bespattering the window I was propped up against with the half frozen snow on my coat. I wagged my tail faintly.

Within just an hour the little craft was "brought up" to two anchors with plenty of cable in smooth water.

That night I slept as I had never slept before, having been on the bridge for more hours than I can remember.

*WINTER BATHING*

Getting "under weigh" the following day we returned to harbour, and in consequence of the recent bad weather "the chief" (engineer officer in charge) had a word or two to say, as something had gone wrong below.

That was always welcomed from my point of view. Master and I therefore went on short leave. Being a bit "independent" I carry my bag to the station.

Arriving at our destination, and finding some fresh water, methinks I'd like a bathe by way of a change.

Walking along the frozen bank of the river I sought out a suitable landing place. Master said it was too late for a dip and that there was snow to windward. I agreed to wait till to-morrow.

We were up early the next morning, and, after breakfast, went out for a stroll.

Retracing our steps of the previous evening, along the bank of the river, as best we could through the snow which had fallen during the night, I found a good spot for a dip. I was full of expectations, and watched for Master's stick.



I carry my bag to the Station. (p. 58)



Full of expectation. (p. 58)

WINTER BATHING. I.





Throwing the stick into the water, my hopes were realised. I at once plunged into the icy water and brought it back.

"Do that again," I said, "it's great fun." The stick was thrown in again, but in my excitement to land as quickly as possible I struck a rather difficult place. "Hum," thinks I, as I found myself slipping every step I took in the deep snow. "It's a bit sticky, but I must stick to my stick."

Having in the end succeeded in bringing the stick safely back a second time, I felt that I was just beginning to like my bath.

"Just once more," I said, as I was half in and half out of the water.

Splash went the stick, nearly over to the opposite bank of the river.

I was soon after it, and had it in my mouth. When I had scrambled up the wall of snow that overhung the river bank and looked about for Master he was nowhere to be seen.

"Now where is Master? He's gone and given me the slip and hidden himself away, eh?"

Keeping the stick I soon found traces in the snow.

The road was somewhat doubtful in places. Placing the stick down for a moment, "I'll find him yet," I said to myself. In doing so I freed

myself, as best I could, from the nasty patch I had struck, and with stick between my teeth I took up a position on the top of some boulders, where I had a better view of things.

Hark ! I heard a faint whistle. I listened again. " Yes, he's over there," I thought, as I looked in the direction from which I had heard the sound.

I then looked about, and finding the foot-prints again, and over the bridge, he was there, in hiding.

It was great sport. To get a little exercise, and the stiffness out of my limbs, we sought out a place where I could get a good straight run. In the middle of our outing a telegram on H.M. Service was brought to Master by one of the staff, which brought our games to a speedy ending.

On the way back to the railway station to re-join our ship, carrying my bag, I take a last long look at my bathing place and with a sigh murmured, " Farewell, old bean, duty is duty."

After a few more trips to sea the bags were again packed, as I'd seen them many times before, including, of course, my Spratt's biscuit bag, and while the clatter of the drawers slid in and out, and the deck of the cabin strewn with clothes, I wondered to myself what it was all for ; no

sooner do I get settled down to all the country lanes and trees than we're sent off to some new place.

"Come on, Yel, what are you sitting thinking about now?" called out Master, as I was in deep thought as to where we were going to next. Taking the stick from his hand, which I held tightly between my teeth, I was soon down the ladder and into the little boat which was waiting for us. With my share of the luggage, we made our way to the station, nothing would induce me to give it up.

Once aboard the train, on a seat so that I could see out of the carriage window, I knew then that I was not going to be left behind, as I was when I stayed with the Vet and his family.

### *BACK TO ENGLAND*

Master looked very pleased when he told me we were going back to the land where I was born (Devon). But the orders were cancelled and we were sent to join the H.M. ———, Humber Base. During one of the stays in harbour at this base, I was taken in the train and over the ferry to Hull, but as soon as we arrived at the landing-place, I knew that something was going to

happen ; the streets were deserted, and as black as Snowball, my dear African friend. Presently I was much alarmed at the sound of a distant beating in the air. I was told to " be calm " and I did my best, though I could hear the whiz of the props. getting closer, and presently I knew they were nearly overhead. Shots seemed to pour out all round us, and sparks and fire broke the black sky over my head, and, knowing what I did about gunfire, I was very uneasy. After a while things seemed to quieten down a bit, and the next morning we knew that a lot of damage had been done, and many people killed.

#### *A TEMPTATION*

While we were here, Master was one day passing a shop where there was a long row of biscuit tins outside, tilted over so as to give a full view of the contents to passers-by. I thought, of course, they had been put there for my special benefit. Taking care that Master was well ahead, I looked into one box and then another, until I came to the kind of biscuit I fancied best, and as I did not appear to be watched, I took just one biscuit, and carrying it half in and half out of my mouth, I overtook Master to let him know



A bit sticky. (p. 59)



On the top of some boulders. (p. 60)

WINTER BATHING. II.



what I had done. I was promptly marched back to the shop, as I was not encouraged to steal, not even a small morsel. The attendant not only gave me permission to eat the one I had in my mouth, but she kindly invited me to take one from each of the boxes. I've been past the place many times since, and, not forgetting the little kindness, I show how much it is appreciated, and never fail to take just one out of the box I had first chosen.

#### AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

"Are you ready?" came a voice from somewhere over my head, as I stood on a platform with two massive pieces of machinery one on either side of me. "All ready, sir," was the answer, and presently the ugly little ship I had stepped aboard of was steaming at the rate of — knots under the sea.

How long we were down there I can't say, but I was mighty glad when she "broke surface" again. "Where *have* you been to?" asked one of my shipmates when I got back aboard my own ship, for I was smothered from nose to tail with oil, grease and muck, and with a nasty smell of foul air on my chest, I was very miserable. "Come



here," said the same shipmate, and the next moment I was being shampooed with soft soap and warm water.

"There," said my bluejacket friend, as he finished me off with a clean rough towel and parted my hair with comb and brush. "You look more like your good-looking self again, and mind and keep out of those submarines."

#### *A COUPLE OF MISHAPS*

One day, at Grimsby, after we had called on one of our friends, my master jumped on a car, and as I was about to follow him I was pushed off the footboard by the conductor, who said gruffly "No dogs allowed." Regaining my feet and following behind, I was picked up very smartly by the cow-catcher of a car coming in the opposite direction. My master, who got off at the next stop, as he thought it was cruelty for dogs to be made to run after any vehicle in busy roads, happily found me little or no worse for my adventure.

The very next day I was asked to join Master in a joy ride, on board a smart looking touring car. I was very fond of that sort of outing, and

would always, like most dogs, peer over the wind screen to catch any stray scent of game that might be floating about. Going down a long incline, at a terrific rate, the car leaped and swerved, and threw me head over heels into the road ; after turning a few somersaults, I picked myself up and gave chase after the car, but as they had pulled up and turned back, I didn't have far to run, and was once more tucked in amongst the rugs. I was not quite so keen on rabbit scents for a day or two.

#### *A FALSE ALARM*

One of the games my friends would put me up to, while we were having our spell in harbour, was to ring one of the bells standing on the tables of the smoking room at the hotel. I would get a biscuit as a reward.

One day, feeling that another little biscuit wouldn't do me any harm, I took it on myself to ring the bell on my own. Waitresses, hearing the bell ring, and finding the room unoccupied, made a search and at length found me in hiding behind one of the settees.

I was told if I did that too often I should no longer be popular.

*A NARROW SQUEAK*

Staying just overnight at some hotel, and in a strange place, Master and I went out the following morning. I had kept at heel as usual, until just about lunch time, when he was missing.

I went straight back to the hotel and waited on the steps for his return. "He's all right," I heard the attendant say, in answer to a ring on the 'phone from Master, "I'll look after him." It was a good thing I remembered where we had slept the night before, for he told me that our ship was under steaming orders, and would sail that very afternoon.

*ANOTHER NARROW SQUEAK OFF LAND'S END*

To be out of dock, and once more at sea, was not bad after all, I thought, there were less chances of being lost.

I thought, too, of the many friends I had once more left behind. Passing one of the headlands, on our way to the open sea, a signal was sent to us from the S.N.O.'s office, and following the signal—on service matters—were a few words

about me. The signal was of course acknowledged, with an addition which, when read, meant "and the same to you."

The weather was fine, but after getting nicely settled down, it came on to blow, and as the gale was accompanied by a nasty cross sea, we were chucked about like ninepins. The night was dark, and every now and then a green sea would break over the ship, with terrific force.

A few mishaps took place during the night, which were emphasised by that flow of language understood only by seamen.

We were nearing Land's End when daylight broke. I can't say that I have any particular love for that part of the world, as the last time I went round there was a similar all-night watch on the fore bridge.

Without any warning something happened, there was just enough light to see that all hands were on deck. There was a hole in the bows, the ship was filling with water and had a heavy list to port.

"If that bulkhead gives out, and this weather continues," I heard someone say on the bridge, "then it's a case of taking to the boats." "Yes, sir, they are all ready," cried the first lieutenant, as he slid down the fore-bridge ladder, to attend to his duties on the deck below. Soon, however,

we got round "the end of the land," and were again in fairly smooth water. Nobody seemed to pay much attention to me, until one of my shipmates said, "Well, Yel, my lad, how goes it with you, eh? You don't look a bit happy; cold, wet, and hungry, eh? Come on then, along-o'-me, and I'll give yer one o' the biscuits I picked up off the deck when you and yer gear came aboard; 'ere you are, my beautiful brown eyes; take that and that," a couple of morsels which I readily ate, and on my looking for more, he held the remainder in his hand and said, "I'll just keep these 'ere for luck, and when I 'ears that kellick (anchor) go splash in the water of some snug little cove, I'll sing out for yer." With the help of his hands as well as his feet, he hurried away to his part of the ship, while I crept the best way I could up the ladder all sideways back to the bridge.

Within a few hour, a salvage party and their pumps were hard at work; and once in good going order there was little doubt that we could be kept afloat until the morning.

"That was a narrow squeak," said my master to me that night, as we shared the warm milk of his coffee on the verandah of the Bay Hotel at Falmouth. "Come here, my sonny boy," he said, after I had licked the saucer to the other

end of the matted floor. "Yes, my lad, you look a bit weary too, I don't think either of us will want any rocking to send us to sleep."

*OFF THE NORE*

Our next journey was to the Thames off the Nore. Rifles, which I dreaded so much, cutlasses, and gas masks were now seen every day except Sundays on board our ship. I was not at all pleased when officers and men alike got their heads into those horrible monkey-faced things ; indeed I was so upset that one was made specially for me. I was now contented and ready to follow my shipmates to—well you know where.

*UP IN THE SKY EVER SO HIGH*

One day about this time I went flying with Master and a friend of his. Away we went, down to the hangar, a funny looking "boat" was wheeled out into the open, similar to the ones I had seen flying about, like paper up in the air. "Jump in, she's all ready," said the officer. I was lifted into the cockpit, followed by Master ; they strapped themselves in round their



middles ; a push behind from the men, our little ship began to bump, bump over the ground, quicker and quicker. Looking over the side, I could see the ground getting further and further away ; when we got up to the sky ever so high, the engine stopped, the man at the wheel shouted something I could not hear ; I was held tightly between Master's knees ; the bus, with nose down, began to sail through the air at a terrific rate. I was beginning to fear that something dreadful would happen ; however, the engine started again, and amidst the awful noise I was carried upwards to a still greater height, and then down we went, turning over and over ever so many times. I knew nothing only that I was kept tightly held by Master.

When I was beginning to feel a little tired of this sort of thing, the machine righted herself and, " Goodness ! what was that ? " something had surely gone wrong. I looked over the side, and saw that it was the wheels coming in contact with the ground with a series of bumps. I made a leap, and after touching the ground with my feet, I rolled over and over and by the time I had pulled myself together, the funny little ship which had been so far up into the sky was nearly on the same spot where we had embarked.



Of all the many ships I have seen and taken trips in, this was the very worst, and I never want to go flying again.

*A FRIEND IN NEED*

By this time I had learned all sorts of tricks from my shipmates, like most other dogs brought up on shipboard, and wherever I went I was invited to give a show of what I could do. So one day Master told me he had found a new job for me. "You remember," he said, "the dogs you used to hear barking as they went across the Channel as mascots to some regiment, or as the friends of an officer, or Tommy? Well! those poor animals are not allowed to return, and are being left behind in a strange land, and amongst strange people." He told me of a case of a blue-jacket in the Naval Brigade, who had shed tears as the troopship moved away from the quay at a French port, for his little terrier, who had been left ashore, jumped overboard at the sight of his master leaving him, and committed suicide.

"Now what would you have thought if you had been left behind in any of the places you have been to?" I thought of my dear Snowball, and not even the happy thoughts of his undying

memories would have given me comfort or have taken the place of my master. "Well," he continued, "the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are asking for subscriptions and (sanctioned by the War Council) will be enabled to allow the soldier's dog to return to this country, and after going through quarantine, the dear pets will be restored to their dear masters." I listened to every word, and Master said, "Now, you can help a little if you try," and from that day I started to collect money for this object. I got in amongst officers of both services, and civilians alike. After about a week I did not find it a very hard task, for everyone was in sympathy with the movement, and in a short time I had paid in £10 to the head office in London.

During the time I was working to help my poor dumb friends, I had, of course, my other duties to attend to, such as getting my gas mask on, and trying to become used to the firearms and other drill, which were necessary for the success of our task.



YEL, from a drawing by G.D. ARMOUR. (see p. 116)



*A GAME OF BILLIARDS*

Sometimes, when an opportunity would permit, we went up to town. On one occasion I was invited to a club, and along with Master and one or two of our naval friends, we settled down in one of the rooms, to watch a game of billiards between two Scotsmen. The score wanted a few points only for game.

Perched on the raised settee, alongside my brother officers, I watched the balls roll up and down the table, then in off the white, and then in off the red, as I had done many times in various places I had been. Some of my antics must have been known, for as one of my Scottish friends was about to pot the red into the end pocket, I jumped from my seat, and just as the red ball was going into the net, I had the ball in my mouth ; a loud laugh went up from the rows of onlookers, a still louder one when the player dived his hand in the pocket to find that the ball was not there, and looked on the table not quite sure where it had gone. Both the players took the joke in good spirit, and at the end everyone present subscribed liberally to my R.S.P.C.A. Soldiers' Dog Fund.

*G—R—R—R—R*

One of the things I loved to go to London for was a dip in the Serpentine. A comb and brush rolled in a clean towel was the signal for that little pleasure.

No sooner would we alight at Hyde Park Corner than I was off as fast as my legs would carry me to the place at the foot of the little bridge to await Master's coming.

After my muzzle and other paraphernalia were removed, and the stick thrown well out into the stream, I was soon after it and never failed to return it for another dip.

This healthy exercise was followed by a run on the grass, and a hard rub down with the towel.

One day while I was having my bath at the accustomed place, there were two rude looking boys leaning over the bridge watching me. Without any warning I heard a loud splash, curious to know what had happened, I saw a poor little wretched terrier come to the surface and in a half bewildered state manage to keep its head above water. I promptly jumped in and circled round the little chap, which seemed to give it confidence and it followed me to safety.

The boys for fun had picked the little fellow up and after throwing it over the parapet ran away. G—r—r—r—r—

*DOGS ALL DRESSED UP*

I remember that one day when I was in town I was allowed to be at Master's feet in a well-known music hall. The seat on one side of him was empty, so I got into it to see what was going on. I saw a troop of dogs and other funny looking animals come on the stage, and I was, of course, interested ; they were dressed up in clothes, and made to do a lot of stupid and unnatural things which I could see they did not like to do. Some of the audience laughed. I thought it was a very silly show ; I can do quite a lot of tricks, but they are all things that I like doing, and that make me happy.

*HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE SOLD?*

One morning when walking in London, we found ourselves looking in the window of a shop filled with cages ; on looking closer, I saw my brother dogs in some of these cages ; there were



fox terriers, and dogs of the toy breed placed in front to attract the passer-by. A little further back, to my horror, I saw some full grown Aberdeens, and saddest of all, an Airedale. What a pathetic sight! I could not see their faces from where I stood, but I could see one and then another trying to attract the attention of the people who were inside looking at them. The Airedale was particularly interesting, for he lifted a paw to one likely buyer, and then posed—as we do sometimes—in the hope that he might be chosen, and thus freed from this market place. His hopes ended in despair, and as the poor creature turned round to coil himself up in the clean straw bed at the bottom of his prison, I saw a look on that dear dog's face which is not easy to forget. I looked up at my master, and we walked away. I saw that he too was unhappy about the poor caged animals, and I felt how wicked it was to keep them shut up there.

#### *DOGS WILL BE DOGS*

On one of my trips ashore, I stepped out of the boat at Bull's Nose landing steps, and on passing the coal dumps on the way to the Gillingham gate, I seized a piece of coal, and carried it

off. "Hello," said the policeman, as I was just about to go through the dockyard gate, with my load half in and half out of my mouth. "When you produce a pass for your parcel, sir, you can go through." By this time, Master had come up, and told me to leave it, so I dropped it and went on ; but I hadn't gone far when I turned back and saw the policeman going into his office with his back towards me, so, for fun, I quickly picked up my piece of coal, which was lying where I left it, and scampered off as fast as I could with it to Master. I saw him having a word with the policeman next day, I don't know what it was all about, but I thought I had better not take any more of the coal away.

### *THE TRAM FULL*

On that very same day, when we got to the place where the trams stop, I don't know how long we waited, longer than at most places I've been to, until at last the car came along, full up. There was room for me, however, so I jumped on, and away I went, thinking that Master was on too ; when we got to the place where we were used to alight, I got off, and to my surprise, found that I was alone. I got on the kerb, and waited,

another and then another car came along all full up, but no Master, until I saw him coming along on foot as he was afraid I might get "chucked off" by the conductor who, by chance, might not have known me, though I was well-known to most of the tram-men.

### *FIDELITY*

One morning, Master told me he had to go away with a navigating party for some ship in Scotland, and as they would have to go through some muzzling area, told me "to be a good boy while he was away, and that he would soon come back." I did not like being left behind, so I sneaked away, and hid. I got very weary waiting for him, and I took up a position at one of the front windows at the place where we were living, looking and listening all day for his footsteps. When food time came round I was not forgotten, but I didn't want anything, only him. This fasting continued for two whole days and two nights, without any change, except when I was let out in the garden. I was visited many times a day and they always found me on the same chair, still looking out of the window, until the evening of the third day, when I heard his

steps coming towards the house. I was at the door before he was, and when he met me, I was rejoiced at seeing him again, and licked my mouth to tell him that I was hungry. He knew how hungry I must have been, when he found a row of plates—with a good meal on each of them—put there for me, which I had not touched.

LOST IN LONDON

On Lord Mayor's Show day I went, with a detachment of officers and men from different ships, to see a great show in town. In the midst of all the gaiety, I *did* make a mess of things. I kept well to my shipmates most of the day, until we reached the Embankment, and the procession had nearly completed its route. At this stage, the crowds were thicker than ever, and as the cheers went up in a tremendous roar as the bluejackets hove in sight, I found myself all alone amongst thousands of legs and feet—*lost*. I did not know what to do, the procession passed along, but not one of those uniforms was the one I was looking for.

Lost in London, with nowhere to go, and not a friend in the world to go to and tell my troubles.

I thought of the object I had started a collection for, I think I felt like one of those dogs who had been left alone in a foreign country. I was full of sorrow when I thought that I might never see my shipmates again. But I did not give in. The crowd had dispersed by this time, which gave me more room to make my search. Up and down I ran, with my nose to the ground, in hopes that I might pick up the scent ; but at last, with aching legs and panting for breath, I gave it up in despair.

I had been admired, I had been patted and made a great fuss of a thousand times, but no one paid any heed to me now, nor I to them, except to see if *he* was the one I was seeking, till at last I was seized with an idea. Following the track of the procession, I got on the railway station (Charing Cross District) where I had been many times with Master. Once past the barrier and the man who guards it, I felt that I should be safe, so here goes, down the steps and on the platform. I searched among the waiting passengers, still hoping to get a glimpse of Master. I was greeted by a bluejacket\* with " Hello, Yel." I took no notice of him, and as the train came into the station, I mixed myself in the crowd,

\* Editor's Note.—The bluejacket referred to reported these facts, being one of the procession from our ship.

and with them got into the train. I knew the station when I got there, but at one station the train stopped (Hammersmith), and all the people trooped out leaving me alone. "Good night, Yel," said someone, but before I could see who, he was gone.

That evening just before dark a very kind looking policeman came up to me and said, "Hello, whose dog can you be? You look kind of downhearted about something, let's 'ave a look at yer, nice sort o' collar you're a-wearing of, you won't bite me if I has just a look at it, now will you?" I wagged my tail, and looked up at him, saying as plainly as I could "that I wanted to go back to my ship and join my ship-mates." "Oh!" said the kind bobby, as he read aloud the name and number on my collar, "H.M.S. eh? so you're a sailor's dog, are you?" Slipping his handkerchief through my collar, he added, "You'd better come along with me."

I was taken to the Lilley Road Police Station, which was opposite, and being placed in a cell, I was locked up. I was filled with despair, and did not forget to let them know about it. The sergeant came along and asked me what all the noise was about. I wanted my master, and my dinner. Later in the evening, I was let out and taken to the guard room: they were very



kind in their offers of food, but I refused to eat. They had tied me fast to the leg of something, but when no one was there, I slipped my collar in the hopes of making my escape. I was re-arrested, however, and, to make quite sure of me, they fastened the piece of rope I had been tethered with round my neck. I tried to sleep, but I could not ; the night was a very long one to me, I jumped up at every sound of the padded footsteps, as they came along to duty, but amongst them there was no signs of my shipmate.

Tired, footsore and hungry I lay down on the bare boards before the guard room fire, and I had a long horrible dream.

#### *A DREAM*

I dreamt that I saw Master tramping about looking for me, calling at the different police stations, and stopping every policeman he met, to ask them if they had seen a dog like me.

He looked very unhappy, and I could not tell him where I was, but I wanted to very badly.

I saw him that night, with a telephone at the head of his bed, and I heard him ring up the different police centres and dogs' homes.



He had to return to his ship next morning, and I dreamt I saw him being carried further and further away from me. The thoughts were too dreadful, for fear I should never see my master again. But just then a telephone bell rang out in the police station and my dream came to an end. The sergeant had got a telegram from Master and came and patting me said, "You're all right, Jack, your master's coming up with the next train to claim yer."

*RE-UNITED*

A very short time after that my master's voice was heard, talking to the sergeant. The next moment we were re-united, and what a meeting it was too. I was indeed happy.

We caught the next train and alighted at the very station where I had skipped the barrier the afternoon before. "So yer here again, are yer?" said the man who was taking the tickets from Master, but I was out in the street, as I had nothing to say in the matter.

Later, lying on the hearth rug of an ante-room of the hotel, I voluntarily went over to Master, who was reclining on one of the settees and, placing my fore paws on his knees, I had another

look at him, for fear that our happy reunion was after all only a part of my dream. Patting me gently, he told me that we would wait here for some of our shipmates, whom he expected, and then we would have some fun to celebrate a double event, our reunion, and Armistice Day ! I looked up into his face, and he looked into mine. I thought of the foreign climes I had been to, of Snowball, and the chimp, the leopard, quarantine, those Irish dogs, the sound of engines under the sea and the firing of those heavy guns, and a thousand other things which I had seen and done since I was a little puppy. To think that the bonds of friendship that had bound us together had been nearly severed. Thus musing I felt two arms clasped tightly round me and lips pressed hard on the top of my head in a manner which reminded me of Snowball's last good-bye, and I'm sure I heard my dear master say " No, my dear boy, never."

#### *SOME FUN ON ARMISTICE NIGHT*

The next moment in blew the " gay and hearties." My shipmates had arrived. " Hello, Yel ! Been in the rattle, eh ? (naval slang for being under arrest). Never mind, old son, it's

Armistice Day, they say the war is over. We're going to have some fun."

*RETURN TO R.N. BARRACKS (OFFICERS' MESS)*

We arrived at midnight, and expected to find everyone asleep—except the hall porter, but when we got into the Officers' Mess we found most of them still playing their games.

When my shipmates were seen coming into the hall, one of them called out, "Have you got Yel with you?" "Of course he's here," was the answer. "Now look here," said "Pay" (the Paymaster Commander on the Mess Committee) "there's a lot of 'young bloods' in the next room, and now they have done all they know at the piano and played leap frog and that sort of thing, I am afraid they will start a 'rough house.' I want to go in and tell them that an entertainer who has appeared before many audiences has just arrived from Town, and by special request will be pleased to give them an exhibition of his talent." "Right-o," said Master.

A loud "hurrah" went up when this announcement was made. "Fetch him in," cried one. "Let's have a look at him." "Is it an him or an her?" cried another. In the midst

of an uproar I was taken into the room. There was silence. On request I lay down one end then both ends. Master asked me to play dead dog. I rang the bell that stood on a table, once, twice, and then three times with my front paw. I refused to take a biscuit when I was told it was German. I was blindfolded while they took the bell to another part of the room, which I easily found. After many other little tricks I finished my entertainment by singing to a tune at the piano, which Master played for me.

By this time the heat of the evening had cooled down, the party broke up and went to their cabins, and so did I. It was a great day.

“ Let Hercules himself do what he may  
The Cat will mew and Dog will have his Day.”  
Hamlet, Act V, Scene I.

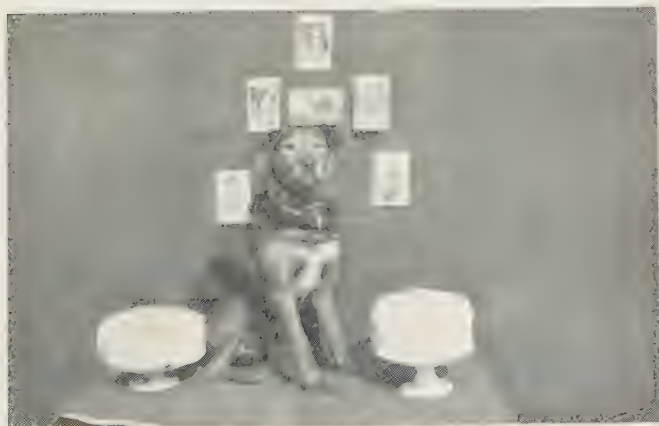
### *A PRACTICAL JOKE*

One evening master and some of our friends took me to a theatre. I was not interested in the show, so I wandered round amongst the audience. When Master came away and we had got out into the lighted entrance he found I had no collar on. He put the chain round my neck and I led him back into the hall ; I stopped



I RANG THE BELL.

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I CELEBRATE MY SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

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opposite to a gentleman who was occupying a front seat in the stalls. Without any questions being asked, he pulled the lost collar out of his tunic pocket, and handed it back. We then went home.

#### *A HINT TO COLLECTING DOGS*

During all this time my collection for the Soldiers' Dog Fund was steadily growing, kind helpers had many ways of showing their sympathy, and sometimes coins were offered to me which I would take in my mouth to Master, until one day, I was seen by an Army veterinary surgeon, who explained to Master the danger of this practice, as it might easily lead to copper poisoning, and that form of collecting was stopped at once.

It was rather hard luck on me, because now and again I used to get pennies for my own use, which I used to spend over the counter, where biscuits and sandwiches were to be had, while Master and his friends were taking their refreshments.

Together with this valuable information Master told me of a dog in the mining district who took to the occupation of collecting money for



charity. The miners leaving their work would call at the hostelry for their accustomed bowl—I mean pint of hops, on pay days in particular. Fido knowing the great hearts of his master's customers, together with an idea of the fullness of their pockets, was sure to be there. Over the pint and heated arguments as to the merits of their favourite football team, and bets made to support their arguments of what would be the result of the match that afternoon, Fido with no interest of their subject would have his patience relieved now and then by scampering over the saw-dusted floor in search of the stray pennies thrown to him, much to the amusement of the donors and their friends alike. Fido's little but grateful efforts however, were short-lived. After giving the best of his keen eyesight for the cause he worked for so faithfully, he went blind and could only find his little contributions by scent. In the end he died of copper poisoning caused by the constant "handling" of pennies.

#### *A RARE OPPORTUNITY*

Some time after this bad habit had been checked, a rare opportunity came my way. I was standing on a chair, with two forepaws on

the counter of a certain refreshment place, waiting with a sympathetic look on my face, in the hopes of getting a biscuit for nothing from the lady behind the counter ; after waiting for a long time without anything, in flew a customer in a great hurry who threw a silver coin down and ordered his drink.

Ah ! thinks I to myself. I drew the coin towards me with my paw, and, lifting it up in my mouth, dropped it, as heavily as I could, on the counter again. Both the customer and the lady took the matter as a joke, but I enjoyed the joke better than they did when a plateful of biscuits were handed over to me.

About this time I was invited to give a show at a concert got up for poor cripples, at a hall somewhere in Gillingham. Perhaps it would be interesting to quote an extract from the local press.

“ ——— gave an address on cruelty and kindness to ‘ dumb animals ’ which was followed by an excellent ‘ entertainment ’ by dog Yel. The audience roared with laughter at Yel’s efforts to ‘ sing ’ to a tune on the piano.”

*EVEN THE HAIRS OF YOUR HEAD ARE NUMBERED*

Once while we were spending a holiday in the country I went with Master to church on Sunday morning, and while he was mooring me up under the porch, he was poked with an umbrella by the village parson, who asked what he was doing. As he knew me, I was allowed to go inside. In the middle of the sermon I got up from the bottom of the carpeted pew, where I had kept quiet all the time, and strolled out. Walking down the aisle, I stopped in front of the pulpit, and sat looking up at the gentleman who was talking. On seeing me looking up, he stopped preaching, and looking down at me, quoted, "Even the very hairs of your head are numbered ; and for those also, O Lord, the humble beasts who, with us bear the burden and the heat of the day, and offer up their guileless lives for the well being of their countries, we supplicate Thy great tenderness of heart, for Thou hast promised to save both man and beast, and great is Thy loving kindness ; Lord have mercy."

The people liked the little sermon, I went back to my pew, and kept still until the vicar went down the church, when I followed behind, wagging my tail in full swing.

*A FISHY STORY*

Another day we went out with a fishing party, with their rods and worms, and I was told to keep on the bank and watch. After a time, a big jack was brought up to the surface, and then our friend found he had not brought his landing net with him. To try to land the fish without was madness ; I was much excited to see the great fish swimming about, first one way and then the other, and I wanted to jump in after it, but was stopped. At last I was asked to help. With a piece of paper, on which master had written something, held between my teeth, I tore off at full speed to the place where we were staying, and finding our host in the garden, I dropped the note at his feet. In a few minutes he gave me the net, but as he didn't want to run any risks of losing it, he started to go with me, keeping a hold of the handle ; but with a bit of tugging at the other end which I had held fast with my teeth, I managed to wrench it from his hand, and was off like a shot ; I jumped the fence across the pathway that led to the river, and was met by Master, who had come to meet me ; I stole past him unheeding his call. Dropping the net

at the feet of my fisher friend, I had the pleasure of seeing the fish landed, and placed in a bucket of water. Later on there was a lot of talk about how many pounds the catch weighed: it must have been a fairly weighty one, to judge by the share I got for dinner that night.

### *GASSED*

We were putting up at some place for the night and when about to retire a candle was handed to Master, to light us to bed, as the electric light that evening had gone wrong.

When we entered our bedroom, which we always shared together on these occasions he espied a gas bracket. Turning on the tap and holding the candle up to the burner, "Nothing doing" I heard him say.

When he had got into bed, and the candle was put out, I coiled myself up on the hearth rug with a cushion placed underneath it, to make a pillow for my head.

During the night I got up, and feeling very uneasy, I poked my nose into the face of my sleeping master and snorted. The place was full of gas. He jumped up and opened both door and windows.

We had a somewhat similar experience a long time after, and then I had some difficulty in waking my master, indeed I had to get on the bed to him. When I did get him awake, he staggered downstairs, and was obliged to sit out of doors for some time, to get rid of the dreadful headache caused by the gas fumes. I was jolly glad, too, to breathe the fresh early morning air.

*LOST AGAIN*

The joys of Armistice Day were over, but there appeared to be plenty of activities going on in naval circles, which meant a great deal of travelling about with Master, both in boats and ashore.

One day we took a run over to Cobham Hall, and the return journey, on foot, had to be made in the dark.

Picking up the scent of game across the estate, Master and his friends were soon lost sight of. Find them I could not ; I went first one way and then another, until I was stopped by a rough looking person, who took a piece of rope from his pocket, and led me by the neck to Rochester. The police took me into the station and locked me up. Meanwhile frantic telephone messages

were being sent out from the Bull Hotel (right opposite the police station).

I was not there long, and I was not sorry when no reward was left behind for the man who had been the cause of my arrest, as I knew the way to the Bull just as well as Master and his friends did.

#### RABIES AND THE MUZZLE

Have you ever gone about with a muzzle on? I have for six whole months. It *was* a nuisance too. Master told me that it was the only way, but I noticed that he never wore one.

After the muzzling order was lifted in our area, and the muzzle removed—it was a relief too—we went up to town together. On our arrival at Victoria, Master *had* made a mess of things.

No sooner had we got out of the station, than I was espied without a muzzle by a vigilant bobby. “Now then, me lad, where are *you* off to without your bird cage on, eh?” he said. He was just about to put his strap on me when Master came along, and discovered that the muzzling order was still in force there. By a special permit granted by the proper authority, however, I was taken back, otherwise I should



have had to remain in London for six months. It was the only way, so I went quietly.

£57 FOR R.S.P.C.A.

The rabies scare, and the muzzling order first in one place and then another, rather crabbed my strenuous efforts to keep the Soldiers' Dog Fund going. It is, however, a pleasure herewith to thank one and all who supported me for the sum of £57 collected and paid to the R.S.P.C.A. I hope that all dog owners who benefited by this excellent movement, and their war companions, will have much pleasure together for many a long day.

For my services I was presented with a silver collar which will be referred to further on in my story.

#### *A FLAT IRON*

Amongst the many episodes of this commission was one that took place when we were about to pay off. It had been decided to raffle a flat iron which had been a great friend to the "dobie wallahs" (men who volunteer to wash

clothes in the various messes), and which was mess property, among the ship's company. Claiming to be one of that body, I had my name put down on the list along with the rest. When the draw took place I had of course to be present ; a good many blanks were drawn until it came to my turn. I dipped my nose in the bag and the flat iron was mine. With a rope yarn wrapped round the handle I made off with it and dropped it fairly heavily on the deck, in Master's cabin, and on one of his feet, as a gentle reminder that I'd come. The gift was fully appreciated, but it was explained to me that such an article was no part of my outfit of requisites, so it was put up for raffle again, the proceeds thereof to be sent to " The Daily Express " Jack and Tommy Games' Fund. Another long list of names, longer than the first, was soon drawn up and after the flat iron had found an owner who could make use of it, I was afforded very much pleasure in having a small cheque sent to the fund referred to in my name.

#### *RAILWAY JOURNEYS*

I love railway journeys, my fare is always paid of course, but my ticket is not invariably asked

for by the official whose duty it is to punch and collect tickets at the barriers.

A lot of these tickets are pasted in the pages of my album to mark the number of times I have got past the barrier without being seen. At times, the ticket collectors speak in rather a rude manner. I have often escaped their notice at both ends of the journey, which may be seen from those tickets in my collection without punch marks on them.

How is it done ? Well, I'll tell you.

When I see Master go to a booking office, I know, of course, we are about to take a train journey. I go on ahead, towards the platform, and nip through the barrier, behind the attendant, except when they are very busy with a crowd going through ; it is then a very easy matter. Who said dirty dog ?

### *LIFE AS A LONG SHORE DOG*

I now come to a period of my life when a series of sweets and sour s are to be left behind, but by no means forgotten. I had completed nearly four years of my life as a sailor's dog and at last I found myself on the beach with a new life before me.

After watching the packing up once more, and having seen that the handful of Spratt's was in the "ready bag," I went down the gangway of our ship for the last time. From the stern sheets of the little steamboat that was speeding me ashore into a new life I watched my ship, and a few waving hands from the gangway, feeling very sad. "Good-bye Yel, and good luck to you!" came voices over the water. The cox'an replied with a cock-a-doodle-do on the steam whistle, and Master waved his hand.

Seated in the cockpit, we were now alone, sharing a few brief moments of silent sadness.

#### *A PRESENT AND A NEW JOB*

One morning the postman brought a parcel, addressed to me, which was opened in my presence. It contained another silver collar suitably inscribed "from friends at Maidstone."

What with this handsome present, together with the silver collar sent to me by The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and chevrons, I must say that I felt not a little proud.

At the various friends' houses I visited, my entertaining abilities were much sought for.



A PROMISE WAS MADE TO COLLECT £100

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I MANEUVERED ROUND A WILLING SUPPORTER

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Always willing to please, I was lifted up one day by my two forepaws, and was asked if I would like to collect for some little orphan children. Master, who was there of course, was informed that several thousands of pounds were needed to build a new wing to an orphans' home \* somewhere in the Midlands, and would I help.

That this was a noble object there was no doubt, so Master and some of my friends put their heads together; I was there too, and a promise was made to collect £100.

Furnished with a leather box, made by the saddler, to strap on my back, I began my little efforts in many ways and I came into contact with all sorts of people.

In the evenings I would go to the various meeting places and, after giving the brethren present a little entertainment, they would respond by putting their offerings in my box. My efforts, much more than expected, realized on an average a pound a day. A banking account was taken out in my name with Bro. George C. Storry, P.G.P. (England) as my hon. treasurer.

\* Editor's Note.—New Wing of the R.A.O.B. Orphanage erected in commemoration of those who gave their lives to their country.



*LOUTH DISASTER*

In the midst of my collecting a dreadful thing happened at Louth in Lincolnshire. Whole streets of houses and their occupants were washed away by a severe flood, which rendered many people homeless.

The Mayor of Hull opened a Relief Fund, and amongst those who took part, I was invited to try my efforts for that very deserving cause.

I started my work in the middle of the day appointed and, with one and then another of my many friends, I found plenty of assistance.

At last I took up a position which seemed better than any other, and thus I laid myself across the front entrance of what is known as the Pacific Club, where many of the members of the Stock Exchange gather during the luncheon hour.

The doorway being narrow they could not get in or out without stepping over me and seeing the box on my back and it was difficult for them to resist dropping something in as they passed over me.

For my efforts on that day I handed in the sum of £5 : 17 : 6.

On May 15, 1920, I journeyed down to the R.A.O.B. Orphanage at Aldridge, and placed the first £10 : 10 : 0 on the foundation stone of the New Wing.

The House Committee for my services kindly endowed one of the beds as "The Yelverstone Cot."

That day was a good day as I collected another £6 on "the field."

My collection by this time had been mounting up and up. After the hundred days had expired a letter was sent to me from the founder and honorary secretary of the R.A.O.B. Orphanage.

"My dear Sir and Bro.,

"I am directed by the Directors to convey to you their grateful thanks for the cheque value £105 : 0 : 0, which amount you have collected, and to express their congratulations on your splendid efforts on behalf of the fatherless and orphan children, and hope that you will live long to continue your good work.-----

"Yours, etc.

"Leonard I. Aulton."

Editor's Note.—The total amount collected for the R.A.O.B. amounted to £186 15s. 6d. Upwards of £100 of that amount was collected by Yel in 100 days.

*A SMOKING CONCERT AND DECORATIONS*

\* On Friday, June 18, 1920, I gave a continental smoking concert, which was convened in my name, by my committee. Yes, I forgot to tell you that I had a committee. They consisted of a few of my very best friends, who hold their meetings in what they call the Pepper Box. Why it is given that name I don't know. They don't tell dogs everything. I did, however, hear them talking one day about the Derby, and I am sure I heard one of them mention a horse's name, but I was too busily engaged on the seat of a high stool watching the lady on the other side of the counter, who would now and then give me a nice fresh-cut sandwich, and after eating it, I would turn round, and beg the money to pay for it from one of my friends in the corner.

A brief account of the concert, my dear reader, may be interesting, as it was unique.

Many of the audience had come purposely to see what I could do, for it has been said that what I can do is difficult to believe.

\* Editor's Note.—On behalf of Yelverstone I take this opportunity to thank one and all who participated in the organization of the concert, and especially to the artistes who very kindly came forward to entertain the audience.

The concert, probably the only one ever given of its kind in a dog's name, was indeed a great success.

During the evening I was called on to give my little entertainment, which I did in the best manner possible, especially in the circumstances. I was called on a second time during the evening by the chairman (my hon. treasurer), who was supported by many dignitaries of The Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes, all dog lovers. I went forward and stood on the platform, as any proud dog would, and was formally invested with the silver collar officially presented to me by the R.S.P.C.A. for my services in connection with the Soldiers' Dog Fund. I accepted this gracious gift with vigorous wags of my tail.

That being over, I left the platform, and buried myself amongst the audience, but I was called back to the platform again, and I was decorated with the Life Subscriber's Jewel, for services rendered to the R.A.O.B. Orphanage.

The Chairman, in his remarks, told me, as I sat on a table facing the audience, laden with decorations, with my tongue half out of my mouth, that I was the only canine member of their order who is entitled to wear that distinction. He said that he and all those who were present, hoped that I should live long to wear it. My master, who was in the auditorium somewhere, responded for me, and thanked the chairman and committee on my behalf, for the

valuable assistance they had given to my little efforts.

My master told me that night, when I got home, that I had been a real good dog all the evening, and that he was very pleased with me. I must admit that I felt that night that I had at least two tails, and that both were sore from going from side to side.

Continuing my efforts I went to a place situated in the oil-milling district, I gave a little show of what I could do, when one of the audience dropped a silver coin into my box and taking my forepaws on his green corduroy breeches, said that he had a dog at home, but, he continued, as he wiped a little moisture from his eyes with the back of his hand, " You and ma dog kno's more than I ever tho'rt you knew. When I gets 'ome to-night our Rover is comin' off chain and gooin' in 'ouse wi' me. If my oud woman 'as any of her oud buck, I sh'll just tell 'er that if she doesn't lik' it, then she know where door is, 'cos Rover's gooin' to stop in 'ouse wi' me."

I wagged my tail in assent and went on with my work.

Monday, May 16, 1921.

The time has now arrived when I am invited to Aldridge (Staffs.) to witness the opening

ceremony of the new wing of the Orphanage, erected in honour of brethren who had answered the call "To Arms" in the Great War for liberty and right by Leonard I. Aulton, Grand Primo of England.

From the little station I was led by the Marshal, Bro. Chas. G. Harding, at the head of the procession as the mascot of millions of members dotted all over the world.

We were followed by the band, Orphanage banner, Officers of Grand Lodge of England, and thousands of representatives from all parts of the country, including the Mayor of Walsall, and the orphanage children.

It was a hot day, but I managed fairly well to keep step with the Marshal.

After the memorial had been duly opened I had, of course, a peep at the cot which bears my name.

Afterwards I went amongst the great crowds who had come that day, to collect a small mite.

The people were very generous, the box having to be emptied several times.

Even the orphanage children, who had had pennies given to them for their own use, liked best to place them in the box which I carried on my back.

I manœuvred round one willing but bashful supporter. Feeling the penny which he held in his tiny hand fall in with the rest I wagged my tail in grateful thanks on behalf of the cause for which I was out.

### *MY TRICKS INDOORS*

The following items are here recorded for the purpose of demonstrating to the reader the wonderful intelligence of their friend Yel. These little "tricks" following one after the other have afforded much instructive amusement amongst his numerous friends and the various audiences he has appeared before, but always with the understanding that he is not a performing dog, should he not care to do any one of them, there are no means to force him.—Editor's Note.

Now, Yel, you may carry on.

I have always been pleased to show my friends what I have learnt from my shipmates on board ship during the war, a few of which are as follows :—

Lie down one end.

Lie down both ends.

Pretend to be dead.

Play fair and close your eyes. Dogs don't die with their tails wagging. That's better. You are quite dead? A conversation follows by Master and without raising the voice the name of the place I am in at the time is mentioned and I am up on all fours.





Yel at the opening of the Memorial wing of the R.A.O.B. Orphanage, Aldridge.



A hand push bell is placed on a table. I am asked to ring it once, then twice, then three times. I am asked to give one word (a bark), then two, then three. I am blindfolded and the bell is removed to another part of the room. I find the bell after the hoodwink has been taken off. I get a Spratt biscuit.

Coins placed haphazard on a table in a line, I am asked to pick out the half-crown, two-shilling piece, etc., etc.

Offered a biscuit and told it is German I refuse to take it. Same biscuit thrown away on the floor, same result. When I am told it is Spratt's the biscuit is found and of course eaten up.

Two balls, one rubber, the other wood, placed in an attaché case and closed, but not locked. I am told to get the rubber ball, biscuits are placed round the balls, but I do not touch them, I prefer to have them given to me.

Asked if I am fond of music I carry a piece of music or the like to the piano with Master. I sit on a chair and face the audience, while he is going over the accompaniment. I begin to sing in my way, when I am told that is too loud, I start again in a softer note and so on. Collar, stick, gloves, and hat are brought to Master and the entertainment is ended and I

am more pleased than anyone present because all the time I have been winking at my master.

Space will not permit me to mention my numerous outdoor tricks.

#### *MASTER'S SICKNESS*

At this stage of my life there are interrupted periods of sorrow to share with my many joys. The saddest of them being the absence of rambles in the town and country, which was one of the joys of life I daily looked forward to.

Much as I loved these pleasures I preferred to share the sick-room of my master. For many days I lay by his bedside. His voice had changed, his love for me at times seemed on the wane ; no, no, that cannot be. In a moment of despair I would gently creep on the bed and after receiving but feeble pats on my head I would settle down alongside him, and with a sigh of content fall to sleep, my last thoughts would be for him whom I love. In my dreams as I lay at his feet I would say, " Yes, Master, I understand, I understand."

Early in the morning long before he woke, I would very gently creep from his side, and take up a position so that I could see any signs of his waking, and when he did I would greet him with

that welcome that is often missed in the human race. What could I do for him? When I did bring stick, gloves, and hat, he did not throw the stick, he did not put on the gloves or his hat.

The days at times seemed long, and to pass the time I would sit at one of the windows which overlooked the approach of the house and await the arrival of the doctor whom I was always pleased to see, until one day I was more pleased than I had been for days. Doctor patted me and said that my master would soon be up again and that he would take me out as usual. With one finger held between his face and mine he said I was not to keep him out too long until he had got quite himself again. When he departed that day I went all the way to the garden gate with him and wagged my tail in grateful thanks for the good he had brought into my life as well as my master's. I watched his car whirl him out of sight. I saw other dogs and birds enjoying the glorious spring weather and wondered if they had a master, and hoped if they had that he was well. As I thought these things my legs instinctively carried me back to the house, and finding the door open, I was back by the bedside of Master, who also told me that I should soon go out with him again.

Now that he was recovering rapidly I would go downstairs and bring to his bedside hat, stick, and gloves many times a day, until one day after watching him dress he asked me for his hat, and when I held it up to him I dropped it in my hurry to get the stick, and by the time I had the stick ready his hat was on, so were his gloves. I then felt amply rewarded for my patience, which never grew weary through the long days and nights of vigil by the bedside of the one whom I breathe for alone.

Only a dog you say ? but look at his kindly face,  
The spark of devotion there is oft missed in the Christian race.  
Only a dog forsooth, but I trust when my own time does come,  
I may find such a friend by my side as you who are faithful, though  
dumb.

### *A VISIT TO MATLOCK*

The end of the happy days I spent on board ship seems ages ago to me, but time cannot erase nasty marks which are left in its trail.

Notwithstanding the treatment Master had had from time to time, a change of air and surroundings was the verdict of medical advice.

We went to Matlock and I made many friends at a well-known Hydro. At first they would not

let me in, and many a long hour have I waited  
outside watching the door go round and round.

I did, however, have the run of the grounds,  
and amongst my admirers was one who I'm  
indebted to for the following acrostic which was  
sent to me through the post after he had said  
good-bye and left the Hydro.

## TO YELVERSTONE

*AN ACROSTIC*

You won my heart, dear dog, before I knew  
Either your name or noble history :  
Love looked from out those eyes of thine so true  
Veiling, it seemed, some sad, deep mystery.

Ere long, I learned, how, on the wind-swept sea,  
Ranged with the heroes who saved honour's  
name,  
Silent and sure you stood, like one who frees  
The earth from sorrow, sacrilege and shame.

Of that you must be proud, but your great mind  
No doubt is prouder that your hard-won fame  
Enlists man's sympathy with all your kind.

CHARLES S. DOUGALL, M.A.



Having spent three months in Derbyshire it was now time to pay a final visit to my many friends up north and the Hull Province before going to the South of England.

During my stay in this part of the country where I was welcomed on my first visit by an air raid, it had after all been a great haven of friendship.

They are indeed a dog-loving people. Wherever I go, a warm place in my heart carries happy memories of them all. Master and I must now say good-bye Yorkshire. Good-bye brothers. Dog-lovers all.

The many farewells of my Yorkshire friends still rumbling in my ears, I find myself at Hathersage, which forms a part of the pretty frame that Sheffield is framed in.

#### *A TOAST OF WELCOME AND THANKS*

After more farewells, I journeyed to Leicester, where I visited more friends at another function.

It was one of those ceremonies which bring people together from far and near.

There were a good many speeches made that night, and among them was a toast to the visitors.

After that part of the programme had just about exhausted itself, Uncle Bill (Grand Secretary of England) rose and proposed a special vote of welcome and thanks to one little visitor, whose name, probably known by some, had not been mentioned. "And his name is Yel," he concluded.

All this time I had been lying under the grand piano, on the minstrel's little mat—leave me to find a cushie spot—when several members, from various provinces, got up to second the proposition. With box on back I rose, too. Finding my way off the platform, my welcome was assured when I felt the coins pouring into the children's money box.

From Leicester I went to Wiltshire, where I spent some of the pleasantest days of my life amongst pleasant people.

I made the acquaintance of a little dog called "Worry." She had been the faithful friend of my host and hostess for many a year. Sad to say poor little Worry died.

She was buried in the private cemetery alongside many other favourites.

*UP A TREE*

The stories of all the outings I went on, during my stay in this delightful part of the country, are too numerous to tell.

One bright, sunny morning, however, while the birds were in full song, I took the Whanghee stick from its accustomed place, and followed Master through the open door, ready for any old game.

The stick was thrown in many directions, and sometimes I caught it in mid-air.

On one occasion I was sure that I saw it rest in a tree. Climbing on a piece of rock work, I found that I couldn't reach it from there.

Climbing up the tree, I felt convinced I had it, but, finding the stick I had selected was actually growing—nuff said. With a little assistance from Master, I found the right one in a flower vase. He had been fooling me.

Fancying myself from one of these exalted positions I am asked to pose for a photo, but being a little shy I avert my head.

“Now, turn your head,” I am asked, and I am photographed again.



Ready for any old game. (p. 116)



I climbed on a piece of rock, but couldn't reach it from there. (p. 116)



*PAUPER OR PRINCE*

About this time I remember meeting with a "Knight of The Road" (a tramp) presumably a sailor, bound from Tilbury Docks to Liverpool via Bristol in search of a ship, whom I saw sitting on a stile in a country lane of Wiltshire.

When I thought I was not overlooked, I accepted some of the scanty meal which he kindly offered from a red pocket handkerchief spread over his well patched "trowsers."

When I thanked him in my usual way, licking the back of his weather-beaten hand, he emptied his mouth and patting me gently on the top of my head, told me I was a good dog.

*SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON'S TRIBUTE*

Of the greatest of sailors and dog lovers, Sir Ernest was surely one of these.

While on a visit to Wiltshire, he told me as he played with one of my ears, "that dogs were his best friends."

The gallant explorer wrote the following in my Album:—

“ Many years of close association with man and dog has shown me that in the latter animal there are the same fine traits of loyalty and devotion to be found, and from all I hear of Yelverstone, he is one of those dogs who show man how good a dog can be.

(Signed) ERNEST SHACKLETON.

July 24th, 1921.

BY THE WAY

By the way I hadn't been in that part of the country very long before my services were sought for to lend a further hand for various charities.

The *Wiltshire Herald* said of me :—“ On the occasion of the recent ‘ Pound Day ’ Yel did his bit for the Cottage Hospital, when he collected £11 16s. od.”

“ Yel went amongst his friends and especially his juvenile chums who love him for his affectionate nature to real purpose.”

During a few idle moments I posed to Colonel G. D. Armour, who very kindly filled a page of my Album with a sketch of myself in collecting rig.





I felt I had found it. (p. 116)



Posing for the photo. (p. 116)



*THINKING POWERS, A BOATING STORY*

Editor's Note.—The following illustration (a story in real life) is herein recorded for the purpose of demonstrating dog intelligence and that animals do think.

On a lovely spring morning I take a trip up the Avon in a punt and watch preparations.

Being in readiness "for sea," we make a start.

Feeling a little tired we land our gear on the bank and prepare lunch.

Unnoticed the boat breaks adrift and is blown to the opposite bank.

With one end of a line attached to my collar I promptly go to the rescue.

The bank looking a bit too steep to climb under the bow of the boat, I alter my course and go round the stern.

On reaching the bank with the line, I hesitate to take it round the tree and get into the part of the boat overhanging the bank, as that would be of no use. I make a jump from where I stood and land headlong into the stern sheets.

Picking myself up I went forward—taking care not to go under the thwarts—and watched my sailor master, who had the other end of the rope in both hands, gently drawing both me and the boat back again.

A few difficulties got in the way, but at the word of command I rendered all the assistance I could.

The boat now back at her original mooring place, we went on with our lunch, of which I came in for an extra share for my dumb display of seamanship.

#### *SIXTH BIRTHDAY*

On March 24, 1922, I celebrated my sixth birthday. To sweeten the event I was presented with two birthday cakes inscribed in pretty colours :—Yelverstone, Many Happy Returns.

Funnily enough I didn't get any more than a sniff. You see I don't eat sweets.

It was a pleasure, however, to know that these nice cakes were cut into pieces, and distributed amongst some of my friends.

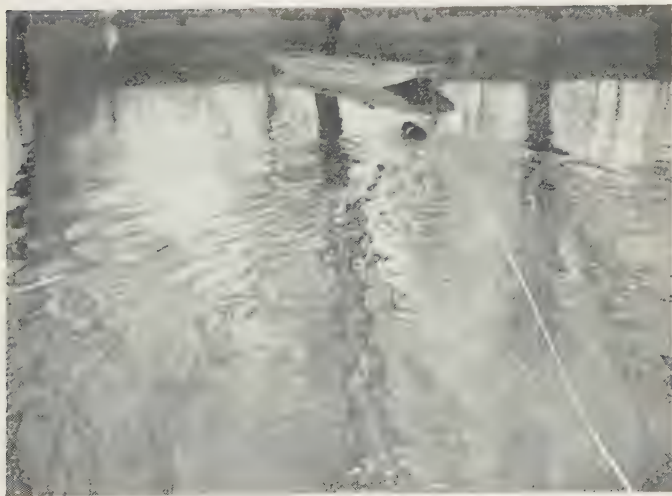
To-day marks the happy beginning and the happy ending of six years of a happy war dog.

#### *QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ROSE DAY*

On June 13th, 1923, I "turned out" much earlier than usual.



We land our gear on the bank. (p. 117)



The boat breaks adrift, and I promptly go to the rescue. (p. 117)



Carrying my collecting box, prettily ornamented with pink roses, strapped securely but comfortably on my back, I was whirled through the empty streets to Smithfield Market, where I found everybody busily at work. Busy as they were, they thoughtfully dropped their kind offerings into my box for charity's sake.

After breakfasting at the "Fox and Anchor," we went to Covent Garden, where I continued my little work of love amongst the "gardeners," who were just as generous.

The language I heard in that quarter, made me think of the days when I was afloat and some of my shipmates.

Some of the Smithfield Marketers were a bit breezy to one another too, but what does a long-shore dog care? However, the gardeners were all very kind to me indeed, one generous donor somewhere between the "White Horse" and the "Nag's Head" said, "'Ow much for the dawg, gov'ner?"

When the "sun was well over the fore yard" (noon) I whispered to Master that I was a bit tired. A "stand easy" and a good handful of Spratt's followed. I renewed my efforts, and taking up with my five year old playmate Tessie went to Marlborough House.



"Hello Yel!" was the first greeting I got as I stepped out of the car which had stopped inside the Courtyard.

Then another and another of the Royal Household whom I had previously met when I was staying near Sandringham greeted me in similar terms. While I was returning these warm and unexpected salutations, a tall gentleman with a tall hat was the next to recognise me as a friend of his little Scotch terrier "Mac."

The proudest moment of my life was yet to come. With my playmate close to my side, we strolled about the entrance of the great house, and the next moment we were espied by the Queen Mother.

Her Majesty first spoke to my little five year old friend, then stooping down, very graciously gave me a Spratt's biscuit.

Feeling a gentle pat on my head I looked up into a face full of real kindness, and Her Majesty who was looking down at me said "You are a dear creature."

Thoroughly pleased at the distinction I had received from the illustrious lady, I wagged my tail in grateful thanks, and running across the courtyard, picked up Master's stick and returned with it in my mouth.

Her Majesty by this time had stepped into the Royal carriage and was gone. Seeing a similar looking lady (the Empress Marie Feodorovna) I dropped the stick at the Empress's feet.

Her Imperial Majesty picked it up and gave it back to me as she stepped into her waiting carriage. The gates at Marlborough House were now wide open. As the Royal carriages passed out into the streets, there were cheers of thousands of people who had come to get a glimpse of a most beloved Queen. A Queen of children lovers and last but not least a Queen of dog lovers.

#### *A DUMB APPEAL AT QUEEN'S HALL*

A couple of evenings after that proud day, I was very kindly invited to Queen's Hall (to an Animals' Welfare Meeting) where I was afforded a place on the platform.

At first I was contented to settle down under the grand piano, but later on hearing some applause and feeling a little curious, I took up a position close to the footlights. I looked at the mass of faces in the auditorium and then at the gentlemen who was speaking on the platform. A subdued murmur of amusement floated through

the great hall as they watched me ; this gave me assurance that I was at least not an unwelcome guest, I therefore walked quietly over to the speaker and took the next chair to him which had been vacated by some person who had gone out. From this position I made a further survey of the audience and the lecturer too, who was saying very kind things about dogs and other animals.

The subdued titters of the audience by this time had broken into laughter, the speaker still unconscious of the cause of the unseeming hilarity, half turned his head and, on seeing me, knew what it all meant. He took it in good part and went on with his subject.

When the meeting was over, I was the recipient of caresses and handshakes from many, including the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon.

Her Grace placed both hands round my neck and called me " a darling."

Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., showered nice names on me also for my mute display of what the learned counsel termed intelligence. It was after all, what any good dog would do.

It was said of me afterwards in a letter from one of my admirers to another " The dog who took his seat on the platform with much

assurance seemed a better pleader than any human could be."

Another letter ran as follows :—" Yel's expression when sitting on the platform was about the nearest thing I had seen to a human expression in an animal."

*FINAL*

I now come to that part of my yarn when I must pipe down and say good-bye. Should our two hearts be in unison, let me express to you my dear reader farewell, NOT FROM THE LIPS as you do to each other, but from a part of my anatomy that is moved by a spirit which, you must admit, is noble—by a spirit which is characteristic to my race—fidelity.

Living, as I am, still in your midst, and with a hope of being spared for many a long day, who knows but that one day we may meet ?

Should that good fortune come my way, you will find me as I have endeavoured to show myself in these pages. Just plain dog, YEL.

If, however, we do not meet, I take this opportunity to extend a paw of love, of friendship, and grateful thanks to all those who have poured out their many kindnesses to me during my happy

seven years of 50,000 miles travelling in various parts of the world.

Whether that paw is held by the hand of a woolly-headed African negro, or by the grip of a belted earl, it's all the same to me.

With two brown eyes looking up into yours and a tail that speaks so much, let me whisper that Master says that it is time for me to pipe down.

Constant in my love for him as the stars in their daily course run through the heavens, then I must obey.

With a hearty wag across the void, SO LONG.

*A RETROSPECT. DOGS' EXAMPLE TO MAN  
BY THE EDITOR*

My dear reader, before you hesitate whether your dog is worth a renewal of his licence or not, or allow yourself to make up your mind to have your dumb friend put out of existence, or worse still to lose him, think. Cannot you see between the visions presented daily by their little brains, there is that something which escapes you ?

It is certain that they love.

They do not love as we do, they love better than we do, for their lives are absolutely at the service of their hearts.

Remember that a dog's heart contains all those fine chords which give all that can be given, both of steadfastness and faithful love.

Just as your heart throbs to the beat of those chords, so does the soul of your dog.

He seeks for affection and comradeship in return. Give him that which he seeks.

You must not trifle with a faithful soul. You are, as Maeterlinck says "your dog's God." Be worthy.

His love is blind, flawless, absolute, and silent : he has no doubts, yet he is capable of suffering. When you think that dogs have been known to die of grief, can you pretend that their darkness is without a single irradiating gleam ?

The instinct that leads a dog to find its lost master, is an instinct with something tragic about it ; since it renders him capable of accomplishing that which your understanding fails to accomplish. Will you deny acuteness of discernment ?

You must conclude that it is wonderful. Why ? Only because it is unconscious and because our human love would have the same invincible power if it were not overshadowed by our higher intelligence.

A dog is the friend of man to a degree that no other animal attains.

His one great idea in life is to be at his master's side, to walk out with him in all his ways, to trust him and look to him for sustenance.

Do you not see in them the hand of the Supreme Being? He made dog the friend of man, that man if he so wishes may learn from their fidelity.

The relation of a dog to his master is what ought to be that of a man to his God.

Do we do our part as well as the dog does his? It is doubtful. Again, dear reader, the editor repeats, BE WORTHY.

Is it a compliment to say that dogs are almost human? The editor does not hesitate to say that some men and women are not nearly so intelligent and *attractive* as some dogs are. Certainly some dogs understand people a good deal better than some people understand dogs.



## APPENDIX



## APPENDIX

*BY THE EDITOR*

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### VISIT TO DOGS' HOME AT BATTERSEA

Feeling much pity for the many stray dogs found in the streets, especially about the time when the annual licences become due, I paid a visit to the Dogs' Home at Battersea, to see how the poor friends of man fare there, and how they bear their hard fate. Yel of course was much interested too, and accompanied me.

At the entrance Yel was formally introduced to the secretary, who kindly offered him a place by his side, while we paid a visit to the kennels.

Most of them are taken by the police and are sent to the Dogs' Home at Battersea and other shelters for stray and starving dogs.

Motor vans, all covered in, and especially fitted for the purpose, make regular visits to the

numerous City and Metropolitan Police Stations, and bring back with them any lost or stray dogs.

When they arrive at the Home, they are medically examined, and if ill they are placed in hospital, where they are attended to daily by a veterinary surgeon. Every dog is provided with a collar with a number attached, and his or her particulars are entered in a book for reference.

The kennels are roomy, airy and dry, with plenty of clean dry straw on the dogs' little beds, which are well raised from the ground. The heating arrangements, by means of coke fires piled up to the brim, add to the comfort of these poor unfortunate creatures. The attendants are kind and patient with their little inmates, indeed many of them become quite attached to one another.

It was very sad to see the downcast expression on some of these lost creatures as they clambered up the bars of their kennel to lick the hand that offered to pat them on the head. "Can't you find my master and bring him to me," one and then another would say. "I want to go with you," would say another; "Don't *I* take your fancy?" said the sad eyes of a wonderfully intelligent looking Airedale, as he stood on his hind legs, with his face close to mine. "You do, my dear dog, you do," I said to him. "If

I can persuade a friend of mine to come and see you, he'll have you at any cost."

After a period of about eight days these lost dogs, if not claimed, are removed to other kennels in another part of the Home.

They then become the property of the Home and then purchasers are found for them, or in other words they are for sale.

The sales department is open to the public, who are invited to inspect what the Home has to offer. Likely purchasers receive the best of attention from the officials whose wide experiences in these matters seldom fail to bring the right dog and buyer together, according to the purpose the dog is wanted for. The latest returns show that purchasers have been found for 3,402 dogs during the course of twelve months, and there is always a long waiting list as the secretary told me.

We were then shewn into the kitchen. There on the bench was a supply of meat fresh from the market, the cook at the moment was stirring up what smelt like Irish stew which, when ready, was mixed with large quantities of biscuits. The meals are served in such a way that every dog in the home gets his share. The pots and pans were all clean, and the place neat and tidy, and would have done credit to any ship's galley.

That every effort is made to save the lives of these dogs there is no room to doubt. Some of the very poor unfortunate wretches who continually fail to catch the eye of a would-be purchaser find a lasting and peaceful rest in the lethal chamber.

I think I may better briefly describe my inspection of this part of the Home, if only to contradict the erroneous ideas that sometimes get circulated about.

The chamber is not unlike any of the other kennel spaces. When everything is ready, the weedlings referred to are gently led in, the door is closed, and by mechanical means the air is charged with a wave of chloroform, which at once sends them into a sound sleep. While the dogs are thus resting a measured quantity of CO<sub>2</sub> by the same process fills the air to ensure certain death. There is no sound, or signs of suffering from the beginning to the end of this method of destruction, and it is all over in a few minutes.

The NATIONAL CANINE DEFENCE LEAGUE, whose head offices are at 27 Regent Street, S.W.1, also works incessantly for the protection of Yel's less fortunate brothers and sisters against the cruelty of some human beings who have yet to learn the dogs' fidelity to man.



A STUDY

[Plote. *British Illustrations.*





During 1921 they purchased dog licences amounting to several hundreds of pounds for distribution amongst poor people. Many people have been known to go without food in order to pay for the licence of their dear dog friend. This year, owing to the number of unemployed, the League has already found a big strain on its financial resources and the "Daily Mirror" has kindly come to their aid, and on January 10, 1923, handed in a cheque for the sum of £418, kindly subscribed for by their readers.

The League lantern lecture department is quite an important one. These lectures are supported by numerous striking pictures, and portray many interesting stories of the relationship between dog and man."

## SHEEP DOG TRIALS

During our stay at Matlock a rare opportunity came our way to see the annual Sheep Dog Trials held on the Longshaw pastures of His Grace the Duke of Rutland's estate, in which Yel naturally took a great interest.

From the front seat of a covered-in car we were amazed to see the crowds of people who had journeyed from far off towns and villages in the pouring rain.

It was a show that was worth any journey to see. Contestants with their dogs were encouraged by a Silver Cup and £10 for the first prize, and suitable rewards for second and third.

Each trial occupied ten minutes for each competitor. The dog finishing the course in the least time is not necessarily the winner, but style and command are taken into consideration, as each dog is judged on points. No clapping or applause until the dogs have penned the sheep is earnestly requested.

There are what is termed singles and doubles, i.e., one or two dogs. When one dog is employed the number of sheep is limited to three, with two dogs to six. Both singles and doubles are equally interesting. I will briefly describe what I saw in one of the latter.

Six sheep are brought on the course from an enclosure some distance off in a horse-drawn float, and placed in a three-cornered portable pen at the starting point, about a mile from the "post."

The shepherd is tethered to a stake near the post by means of a piece of rope, with two dogs by his side waiting for the word "go."

A whistle or other signal is given from the official's stand, the pen is now raised by means of a long rope attached, and a man in attendance and the sheep are liberated.

The dogs, having heard the signal, and knowing all that is going on, dash down the course together.

As soon as they get within a stone's throw of the sheep they ease away from one another and work round them beyond the starting point.

Guided by signals from the shepherd, they begin to close slowly towards the little flock.

One of the dogs, eager to get on with his work, advances too rapidly, and is ordered to lie down by a shrill whistle from the shepherd's mouth.

Both dogs are now abreast and cautiously urge the sheep on towards the open gate ready for them.

One sheep tries to pass through the gate the wrong way, all the others are about to follow.

With two fingers in his mouth the shepherd lashes out orders fast and furious which fall on the ears of the dogs. Their quick grasp of the meanings of the different signals and their keen intelligence soon have the little flock rounded up and back to a safe position.

The sheep had their noses all pointed towards the open gate, and the dogs advanced a few paces and they were all quickly through, with the dogs following close at their heels.

The second open gate some distance ahead was not so easy, as it opened at quite a different angle from

the last. The dogs, however, worked round the sheep, and after a great deal of swift and measured manœuvres the six sheep were piloted through the right way.

One of the sheep, an old ram, had been a little troublesome from the start and at this point became very obstinate.

He ran off from the remainder of his companions at a great pace with one of the dogs in pursuit.

The dog soon had him rounded up but the ram would not move. The dog dropped down on his stomach, and with tongue hanging listlessly from his hot mouth looked up at his charge as much as to say, "Now, sir, what are you going to do next?"

Without any warning the old ram made a charge at his adversary; the dog, knowing well that he must not retaliate, stepped aside and stood still. The ram looked indomitable. Time was going on and the shepherd ceased to give out any signals.

The crowd were watching for what would happen next, for this was really a case of ram and dog. The dog, having got the ram as if mesmerized, took to his heels and ran across the course to the other dog. What one dog said to the other is not known. The other dog, no doubt understanding the situation, left the five sheep in charge of his companion, and made off towards the ram.

The old sheep, realising that he was beaten, went over to the remainder of the flock like a lamb, and in a few seconds more all six sheep had passed through the third gate.

The fourth obstacle is a four-way entrance in the shape of a cross, not unlike one road crossing another at right angles.

The width of the passage is just enough for one sheep at a time to pass through.

To pass straight through is a disqualification. The sheep must be turned at right angles when the four ways meet.

This is a very difficult task. The shepherd, however, at this point is permitted to join his dogs. The sheep enter one of the passages with the rest following. The dogs and master are fully alive to what looks inevitable. The leading sheep makes a rush straight through, but Carlo, or whatever his name is, has his nose at the entrance of the non-permissible passage, and his companion at the other.

There is but one way left to the leading sheep and he and his followers take it and are through.

There is now but two minutes left, the crowd are eager to see this wonderful display of mute intelligence brought to a successful conclusion within the scheduled time.

The sheep are now divided into threes. Shepherd and one dog drive the first three into a three-sided pen, while the other three are kept in custody by the other dog.

When the first three sheep are safely penned, the shepherd leaves them in the charge of the dog who assisted him and hurries over to the other three sheep. Knowing well that they are beaten they yield to master and dog and are penned in another three-sided pen amidst roars of shouts and applause from the

enthusiastic crowd, who have thoroughly enjoyed probably one of the best trials on record.

There is a belief amongst some people that animals cannot think. To that community I would say "go to a sheep dog trial and live the part of these wonderful creatures."

During the interval of the show we took a walk round the enclosure to see the dogs as they fretted at the stakes they were tethered to.

Special points in their general appearance there were none to speak of; but a look into their eyes showed that spark of intelligence that we so often miss in the human.



## A FEW POINTS IN THE INTEREST OF DOGS AND DOG LOVERS

FEEDING.—Taking into consideration the number of various sizes and breeds of dogs, any hard and fast rule of feeding is out of the question. There are a few points however, which apply to all dogs.

Don't bring your dog up on meat, especially raw meat, unless ordered by a vet.

A bone is a companion to a dog when he is alone, but there are bones and bones.

A large untainted bone affords a means of employment and is good for the teeth. The gnawing at a big bone, moreover, produces saliva and helps digestion.

In some cases small bones are harmless, but chicken and other "feathered" bones, including the bones of a rabbit, with a hard flint like surface should at all times be avoided.

Boiled vegetables mixed with his other food can be given in any quantity, for your dog will not eat more of them than is good for him.

This rule applies particularly to dogs brought up in towns and places where they have not access to grass and plenty of open air exercise.

Don't give your dog greasy and fatty substances to eat.

When you feed your dog, stay with him while he is feeding. He likes your company, and you also have the opportunity of studying his likes and dislikes.

Whatever his diet, be careful as to the amount. A clean plate at the end of a meal is a good sign. When food is left on the plate after he has had his meal, it indicates that your dog is not well or that you have given him too much. By these little observations you will soon find the exact amount of food to give him without overfeeding.

Feed your dog at regular intervals. On no account allow his stomach to become the receptacle of kitchen refuse.

Many a good dog has won for itself a bad name about the house through being fed with scraps that no one cares to eat. Regardless of quantity or quality, these so called "delicacies" are often offered "to save them from being wasted." Don't let that be said of you.

The kitchen waste bucket should be kept either out of reach or under cover, when there are dogs in the house. The best remedy is to place the kitchen "out of bounds."

DRINKING.—Nothing is necessary but clean water, which is the only natural drink. Care should be taken that it is clean. Brimstone in the water is of no earthly use.

KENNELS.—When it is necessary to keep a dog out of doors don't forget that you do so in your own interest, and it is your duty to consider the interest of your dog. If you cannot provide a kennel or other suitable covering

for him, take him indoors. If you will not do that, then **DON'T KEEP A DOG.** A kennel should be made suitable to the size of your dog.

The entrance should be near the end on one of the sides. The entrance cut at the end of the kennel is old fashioned, and no longer recommended for health and comfort.

Care should be taken in the selection of a position and the following points observed.

(1). Place the kennel so that it is sheltered from the prevailing winds and direct rays of a hot sun.

(2). The entrance should face south (towards the sun at mid-day) in the northern hemisphere and the reverse in the southern hemisphere.

(3). Raise the kennel from the ground not less than twelve to eighteen inches to avoid the dampness of winter months.

(4). One side of the sloping top should be made removeable for cleaning purposes.

For the country have a brick or wooden house built for him with a small courtyard fenced round with iron railing as supplied by Messrs. Boulton & Paul of Norwich.

Messrs. Spratts Ltd. of Fenchurch Street, London, provide a most excellent kennel for all purposes.

(5). Whatever be the type of kennel selected, take care that it is water tight and free from draughts.

(6). The inside of your kennel should be white-washed with a small quantity of disinfectant, Sanitas or Jeyes' fluid.

BEDDING.—Don't forget, when you have the comfort of a change of bedding that your dog also enjoys a change of his bedding. Long-coated dogs should not be allowed to lie too much on soft cushions, as it injures the coat.

For the kennel the best bedding is plenty of clean, dry straw ; where this is not obtainable, abundance of soft wood shaving mixed with dry turf makes a comfortable bed for most dogs. A sprinkling of Keatings, whether required or not, applied occasionally over the bedding will do no harm.

If you are wishful to keep your dog in good health, you will not neglect to have all his surroundings kept scrupulously sweet and clean.

EXERCISE.—The cruellest punishment you can inflict on a dog is to keep him tethered or on a chain. It is his nature to run about. Give him freedom and exercise as much as ever you can, but don't exercise him from the seat of a bike or motor car. If for nothing else, it is cruel.

Remember that when your dog is out taking his walk, he carries the reputation of his master and his house with him wherever he goes, in appearance, manners, and general behaviour.

All dogs are as good as their masters make them. There are no bad dogs. Many a good dog gets a bad name through no fault of his own, but through the inattention of his master.

On no account should a dog be allowed to roam about on its own. If you let him do so and find yourself taking a second place in his esteem, or worse—find yourself in the police court, then you only are to blame.

CLEANLINESS.—Of all things essential to condition and good health, cleanliness comes absolutely first.

Washing and grooming take many forms according to breed. Terriers require little or no washing as most of them are good water dogs. If taught when they are puppies they will readily retrieve your walking stick, and be proud to do it over and over again.

Whatever form of washing you adopt, a thorough drying with a rough, hard towel, and a brisk form of exercise afterwards, are essential.

Care should be taken to dry the legs thoroughly by sharp rubbing of the towel in both hands : it creates a new circulation and prevents paralysis—a common complaint amongst water dogs when this little attention is neglected.

Dogs coming indoors on a wet day should be similarly treated, on account of the dirt they unavoidably bring in, if for no other reason.

Bathing in winter should not be practised too often when the water is very cold.

Dogs of the toy breed should be washed once a week. The water should never be more than lukewarm. To complete the bath a douche of nearly cold water removes the soap from head and eyes included, as a stray soap sud may have got into the poor creature's eyes without your knowledge and cause irritation.

Under no circumstances should dogs be allowed to take to salt water.

GROOMING.—Your dog should be combed and brushed daily. There are many makers of the toilet requisites. With Spratt's, Shirley's, or Ashworth's patent metallic

comb-brush, applied properly, fleas, parasites, and skin diseases will not trouble your pets.

It is always pleasing to have your dog admired and to see how his popularity grows. The secret of it all is no secret at all.

In these days of so much tar, oil, and motor refuse about the roads, dogs pick up these disagreeable adherents with bits of grit, which work in between the toes, or strictly speaking between the pads of the feet.

This mixture often sets up irritation that will lead to lameness if not removed. Prevention being better than cure, an inspection of those parts is essential now and again. To remove the irritant, a little vaseline or any form of pure grease will soon effect a speedy cure.

## A TRIBUTE TO MAN'S MOST FAITHFUL FRIEND

*From a speech by Senator Graham Vest of Missouri, who appeared for the plaintiff in a trial concerning the killing of a dog.*

“ The one unselfish friend that a man can have in this world, the one who never deserts him, and never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

“ A man's dog will stand by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and in sickness ; he will sleep on the cold ground when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fierce, in order to be near his master. He will lick the hand that has no food to offer ; he will lick the wounds and sores that are encountered in conflict with the roughness of the world.

“ He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If Fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, his dog will ask no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of



all comes, and death takes his master, and the body is laid away, no matter if all other friends forsake him, there, by the graveside, will be found his dog, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in the presence of death."















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